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**THE BARDS  
AND  
THE BICYCLE.**

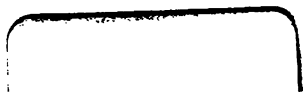
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**FROM**

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LYRA CYCLUS  
OR  
THE BARDS AND THE BICYCLE

BEING A COLLECTION OF MERRY AND MELO-  
DIOUS METRICAL CONCEITS ANENT

THE WHEEL

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

EDMOND REDMOND



A PIECE OF WORK, THAT WILL MAKE SICK MEN WHOLE:  
—*Julius Caesar.*

---

ROCHESTER N Y

1897

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*Dr. John W. Cummins*

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EDMOND REDMOND.

## PREFACE.

Without intending an obvious pun, one may be permitted to observe that the Bicycle is most decidedly a revolutionary agent. In sundry regards the consequences of its advent have been amazing. Viewed from a purely material standpoint, it has wrought wondrous transformations in the daily walk and conversation of the man and woman of the period. In fact, they no longer walk, but ride; and as for their conversation, it may be said that it is mostly circumscribed within the circumference of the Wheel! Certain lines of productive industry it has made; some it has marred; and others it has modified. It has changed one-half the civilized world from a sedentary set of bipeds to an aggregation enamored of outdoor life, and rejoicing in those exhilarating activities of which the Wheel is the parent and promoter. Although a "thing of beauty" of itself, to say nothing of being so frequently the silent, if not always obedient, steed and servant of "beauty superlative," yet, who would have predicted, only a little while ago, that the domain of Literature itself would be incidentally enlarged and adorned through the coming of the Wheel? Nevertheless so it is. A new school of poetry has arisen to celebrate the tribulations and triumphs of the Bicycling world. The Bards of the Bicycle have invaded Helicon in force and have drunk deeply from the waters of its sacred rill! It is submitted that to this fact the selections contained in the following pages bear ample and melodious testimony.

It will be observed that many of the poems readily adapt themselves to well-known and popular airs that are, in such cases, indicated.

Care has been taken to give credit, in every instance where possible, to the author, and to the publication in which the selection originally appeared.

## FONS ET ORIGIO.

American Cycling.  
American Wheelman.  
Answers.  
Atlanta Constitution.  
Atherton, Percy A.  
A. K. S.  
A Tyre O.  
Banks, C. E.  
Bearings.  
Bell, Ida Trafford.  
Best, Susie M.  
Bicycling News.  
Bike Lorde.  
Boston Courier.  
Boston Globe.  
Brooklyn Life.  
Bulletin, L. A. W.  
Bu'alo Commercial.  
Buffalo Express.  
Buffalo Courier.  
Carleton, W.  
Chicago Dispatch.  
Chicago Evening Post.  
Chicago Inter-Ocean.  
Chicago Journal.  
Chicago Observer.  
Chicago Record.  
Chicago Times-Herald.  
Chicago Tribune.  
Cleveland Leader.  
Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
Cleveland Press.  
Cleveland World.



Colton, C. J.  
Clips.  
Crandall, C. S.  
Cycling World.  
Cycling.  
C. T. C. Gazette.  
  
Detroit Free Press.  
Detroit Journal.  
Detroit News.  
Detroit Tribune.  
Dowling, J. D.  
Dryden, Charles.  
  
Eaton, E. H.  
E. G. K.  
Exchange.  
  
Fowler, Jeannette E.  
French, W. P.  
F. J. G.  
Fun.  
  
Gillmore, Irving.  
Grant, Peter.  
Grant, Robert.  
Glory, Anna.  
  
Harper's Bazaar.  
Harper's Weekly.  
Hartzell, F. S.  
H. E.  
Hobart, G. V.  
Holly.  
  
Irish Cyclist.  
Indianapolis Journal.  
Imperial Magazine.  
  
Japan Mail.  
Johnson M. Ware.  
Judge.  
  
Kitchen, S. R.  
Koons, J. A.

Lawrence, A. H.  
L. A. W. Bulletin.  
Law, Dick  
Law, S.  
Low, J. W.  
Life.  
Lincoln, Joe.  
London Sketch.  
Lyon, E. N.

M.  
Macbeth, F. J., jr.  
Marie.  
Masson, Tom.  
Milburn, N. F.

New Bohemian.  
New Orleans Times-Democrat.  
New York Commercial Advertiser.  
New York Evening Telegram.  
New York Herald.  
New York Journal.  
New York Press.  
New York Sun.  
New York Tribune.  
New York World.  
Nixon, Mary F.  
Nuggets.

Oliver, E. A.  
Outing.

Pall Mall Gazette.  
Philadelphia News.  
Philadelphia North American.  
Philadelphia Times.  
Pike, M. H.  
Post Dispatch.  
Pitkin, M. Helen.  
Puck.  
Punch.  
Reed, Grace F.

Richardson, George L.  
Richmond Dispatch.  
Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.  
Roberts, C. D. G.  
Roseleaf, The  
  
Sangster, Margaret E.  
San Francisco Examiner.  
Smith, G. B.  
17,729.  
Scottish Nights.  
Spofford, Harriet Prescott.  
Springfield Monitor.  
Somerville Journal.  
St. James Gazette.  
Southern Cycler.  
St. Paul's.  
St. Nicholas.  
Strange, E. F.  
  
The Spectator.  
Toledo Bee.  
Troy Daily Press.  
Truth.  
  
Vanity Fair.  
Vere, Adriel.  
V. E. S.  
  
Washington Times.  
Washington Star.  
Waterman, Nixon.  
Wheeler, Post.  
Wilkesbarre News Dealer.  
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler.  
Wisewell, K. H.  
  
Yonkers Statesman.  
Youth's Companion.

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### **ERRATA.**

Page 14, line 31, read shore for shoes.

Page 16, line 7, read fright for freight.

Page 22, read "I'm the Son of a Gambolier" for "Araby's Daughter."

Page 42, read Southern Cyclor for Southern Cyclist.

Page 46, line 23, read as for so.

Page 47, line 11, read on for in.

Page 50, line 18, read my for by, and in line 20 read focuses for focusses.

Page 85, read, I Shot an Arrow in the Air for I Shot an Arrow into the Air.

## BICYCLE SONG.

*Air—"When the Heir Returns."*

Light upon the pedal,  
Firm upon the seat,  
Fortune's wheel in fetters  
Fast beneath our feet.  
Leave the clouds behind us,  
Split the wind we meet,  
Swift, oh, swift and silent,  
Rolling down the street!

When the dark comes, twinkling  
Like fireflies in the wheat,  
Bells before us tinkling  
Fairly and feat.  
By the gate of gardens,  
Where the dusk is sweet,  
Slide like apparitions,  
Through the startled street!

Spearmen in the desert  
Maybe fly as fleet,  
Northern lights in heaven,  
Sparkles on the sleet!  
Swift, oh, swift and silent,  
Just before we greet  
The outer edge of nothing  
Turn rolling up the street!  
*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas.*

## AERIAL NAVIGATION.

*Air—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."*

An autumn day,  
A sunny sky,  
A hill that's steep and dusty;  
A bloomer girl,  
A shining wheel,  
A wind both strong and gusty.

A sudden breeze,  
A bloomer filled,  
A rise, with naught to guide her;  
A soaring maid,  
A lonely road,  
A wheel without a rider.

*Jeannette E. Fowler, in New York Sun.*



## WHAT FELLOW WOULD NOT DARE.

*Air—"Love's Young Dream."*

Was ever life so sweet, love,  
Were ever nights so fair,  
Were ever stars so bright, love,  
What fellow would not dare  
To win a stolen kiss, love,  
When riding by the mile?  
For love is sweet and lips are near—  
Since tandems are the style.

Were roses half so sweet, love,  
Were kisses half so rare  
As one dear kiss from you, love,  
What fellow would not dare  
To pedal on forever,  
With a burden half so dear?  
A trust he ne'er would sever—  
A-wheeling in the rear.

So steal away the kisses,  
While hearts and lips are young,  
When hid are life's abysses,  
Before one's tires are sprung.  
There's naught in after dreaming—  
No memories half so dear,  
As in the moon's white gleaming—  
A-wheeling in the rear.

*M. Ware Johnson, in Detroit Free Press.*



### ON A TANDEM.

*Air—"Annie Laurie."*

'Twas the time of meadow lilies,  
And of bobolinks in tune,  
When I went to ride with Phyllis  
On a breezy afternoon.  
How her jaunty gown became her,  
With her maiden cheeks aglow!  
Had I then been asked to name her  
I'd have called her "apple-blow."

As she spoke with blush and dimple  
Of her girlish hopes and fears,  
As I watched the sunny rimple  
Of the curls about her ears,  
A great wave I could not master  
Through my veins began to steal,  
And my heart went whirring faster  
Than the whirring of the wheel.

All too soon the moments fled,  
All too swiftly sank the sun;  
Fate the love-web had completed  
When at last the goal was won.  
Tender were the words between us  
As we stood there side by side,  
For the wily son of Venus  
Had been with us on our ride.

*Irving Gilmore, in New York Sun.*

## NED AND SUE.

*Air—"When ye Gang awa," Jamie."*

Along the country road came Sue;  
Her heart was very sore at Ned;  
Not far behind came Edward, too,  
Not knowing Sue was on ahead.

That morning they had fallen out,  
And both rushed forth to take a spin.  
They knew not what 'twas all about,  
But both knew what it ended in.

Now Sue a hedge is passing by;  
Alas, her tire is punctured there!  
She halts beside the road to try  
To fill the flattened tube with air.

Then Ned comes wheeling bravely on—  
A thorn waylays his tire, too;  
And soon with wind and patience gone,  
He halts across the way from Sue.

Alack, he finds with sinking heart  
That far behind he's left his pump!  
He can't retreat, he cannot start,  
Now surely he is up a stump.

When, lo, across the dusty road  
The gentle girl who sees his plight  
Comes tripping with her pump; the load  
Slips from his heart and out of sight.

A look, a thought, a spoken word,  
A hasty pumping in of air,  
The tender singing of a bird,  
And only peace is smiling there.

Along the country road came Sue,  
Her heart at Ned no longer sore,  
And by her side rode Edward, too.  
And now they quarrel nevermore.

*New York World.*



## BICYCLE BELLS.

*Air—"The Valley Lay Smiling."*

She glides like a dream from my vision  
In the morning all dewy and gray;  
A nymph from the gardens Elysian,  
She dashes and flashes away!  
Past meadows and groves, where the  
singing  
Of birds all melodious swells,  
My heart hears the silvery ringing  
Of the beautiful bicycle bells!

She's a bicycle, bicycle girl,  
With hair of the loveliest curl;  
She's fresher than clover,  
My heart she rides over—  
She's a bicycle, bicycle girl!

Her cheeks with the crimson is glow-  
ing—  
With all that the rose could impart;  
The breeze—the mad wanton!—is blow-  
ing  
A kiss and a curl to my heart!  
Past meadows where wild birds are  
winging  
Their way o'er velvety dells,  
She glides with a ravishing ringing  
Of the silvery bicycle bells!

*Philadelphia Times.*



## THE CYCLER'S FACE.

*Air—"Ben Bolt."*

I've heard and read of the cyclist's  
face  
That is now quite known to fame,  
I have seen and noted the anxious  
trace  
On the features of the same.

I have marveled much at the tales they  
tell  
Of each lineamental case  
Of the set, fixed, hardened lines that  
well  
Determine the cyclist's face.  
But my greatest example of the like  
Is that of the cycling churl  
Who had the face to borrow my bike  
To elope with my best girl.

*Boston Courier.*



### REAL BOULEVARD GIRL.

*Air—"Yankee Doodle."*

I'd rather ride my wheel astride  
And have my handles dropped,  
Than sit erect, and be correct,  
As though my spine were propped.  
I'd rather race at killing pace,  
And ride a higher gear,  
Than slowly creep along the street,  
Because the fines are dear.  
I'd rather wear the bloomers fair  
And sport a sweater gay,  
Than wear a skirt and fancy shirt,  
To please some squeamish jay.  
I'd rather own, but not alone,  
A tandem built for two,  
With handsome mate, and ride in state,  
Along the avenue.  
Now, please don't think that I'm a  
"ginque,"  
Because my views are queer.  
My heart is true, my notions new,  
And all is not veneer.

*Holly, in Evening Telegram.*

## AN ANTI-CYCLONE.

*Air—"Roy's Wife."*

Hark to the voice of one who walls in  
grief and consternation,  
Singing the dirge, alack the day! of rational conversation;  
Dead, gone, and quite forgotten, till one  
wonders in amaze  
What people found to talk about in pre-cyclotic days.

With talk of wheels and nothing else  
from soup to macaroni,  
A modern dinner means a cyclo-conversazione;  
With quips and cranks in good old time  
our talk was wont to glitter;  
The quips are gone, the cranks survive  
to prove themselves the fitter.

The cyclo-chatter penetrates all sorts  
and kinds of places;  
Queen's Counsel talk of "handlebars"  
and doctors of "gear cases"  
The scientific man inquires, "Are Swifts  
or Bantams fleetier?"  
And "cyclo" is the prefix to the poet's  
"dainty metre."

I'm sighing for the good old times, 'tis  
sad to think upon them!  
When maids sat at the spinning wheels  
instead of sitting on them;  
For, though unfrequent were their words,  
and very mild their jokes.  
They tired you not with talk of tires,  
nor did they speak of spokes.

But nowadays in drawing rooms and  
shops and ladies' clubs,  
Young wives complacently discuss the  
"new self-oiling hubs;"

In strange, mysterious phrase I hear  
them tell as in a dream,  
How this one rides a "Buffalo" and that  
one a "Sunbeam!"

And oh! how hard his lot who, in the cyclo-craze not sharing,  
Will find the talk of "ballbearings" is  
almost past his bearing!  
They'll say "a screw's loose in his  
nut," to scorn the modern faddle,  
And sad'll be his fate who takes no interest in a "saddle."

The ball of conversation to keep rolling  
nowadays  
You needs must talk the cyclo-shop, and  
feign to share the craze,  
The one consideration that consoles me  
at this juncture  
Is that the ball's pneumatic; so I hope it  
soon may puncture.

*A. Tyre O., in Vanity Fair.*



## MY LOVE.

*Air—"Scenes That are Brightest."*

My love can play the gay guitar  
And paint on china ware;  
My love's a shining social star,  
With Titian-tinted hair.

But though she wears the latest hair,  
She doesn't care a rap:  
The gay guitar and china ware  
She looks upon as scrap.

Her doleful look and tones reveal  
That she's in sorrow's snares;  
The solemn truth is that her wheel  
Is laid up for repairs.

*Cleveland Leader.*

## A FRAGMENT OF "THE CYCLIAD."

*Air—"Marching through Georgia."*

I cannot be quite accurate in making  
my report

Of the races that were ridden, and the  
battles that were fought,

For the Greco-Trojan cycle races round  
the town of Troy

Took place three thousand years ago  
when I was quite a boy.

Old Homer was the only man to repre-  
sent the press,

His manuscript is blotted, and imper-  
fect more or less—

Reporting in hexameters, in ancient  
shorthand too,

On papyrus far from cream-laid is no  
easy thing to do.

- Philoctetes was the starter with his  
Herculean bow;

He fired a poisoned arrow when he gave  
the word to go.

Agamemnon and old Priam took the  
time, behind a shield,

Cassandra dealt in prophesies and bet-  
ting on the field.

They opened with a ladies' race, which  
Helen grandly led,

Andromache and Hecuba were beaten by  
a head.

The pacer was a Paris man, as every-  
body knows;

While Juno and Minerva were disqual-  
ified as "pros."

Excitement reached its summit in the  
Greco-Trojan match—

Achilles versus Hector—they were both  
to start from scratch;

The distance, fifty parasangs, the rules  
the N. C. U.,  
(Or, as the club was titled then, the "Chi,  
Upsilon, Nu)."

Ulysses was a wily man, and he had  
made a chain;  
And by his large felt hat he swore the  
victory to gain.  
The Trojan on a "Pegasus" around the  
three-lap sped,  
Achilles rode a "Cerberus," which had a  
triple head.

When they had circled forty times, and  
started round again,  
Achilles tripped up Hector with Ulysses'  
lever chain.  
And still Achilles round the track pro-  
pelled his flying wheel,  
And all the way he went he dragged poor  
Hector by the heel.

He dragged him to the winning post be-  
fore he loosed his feet,  
And since they both came in at once the  
judges said, "Dead heat!"  
It's strange that to Achilles first prize  
they did not yield,  
But then we must remember that they  
sat behind a shield.

*F. J. G., in Cycling.*



## THE SCORCHER.

*Air—"Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane."*

Thin as a specter, with fallow com-  
plexion,  
Senseless and swift as a bolt from the  
bow,  
Hotly disdaining to choose his direction,  
See him in motion's delirium go.

He reck's not of victims all bruised and  
disjointed;  
He sees but the dust that is raised by  
his toy.  
His course all depends upon how he is  
pointed;  
To pedal alone is his life and his joy.

The stream with its singing no soft mood  
tenders;  
In vain wave the fields where the clov-  
er is sweet;  
He sees not the forest and sky with  
their splendors;  
He only exists in his ankles and feet.

*Washington Star.*

### LOCATED.

*Air—"There is no Luck."*

Where is the summer girl to-day,  
Who in the hammock swayed?  
Where is the spinster who, they say,  
In charms began to fade?

Where is the matron who reposed  
In the great easy chair?  
Where is the college girl who dozed  
O'er books of learning rare?

The empty hammock idly swings;  
The spinster's young once more;  
The easy chair with unpressed springs,  
Stands lonely on the floor.

The college girl, far from sedate,  
Joins in the season's zeal,  
And each from early morn till late  
Is out upon a wheel.

*Washington Star.*

## COULD N'T HELP SCORCHING.

*Air—"King O'Toole."*

'Twas down a long and gentle grade  
Her bike began to spin—  
She was most mightily afraid  
Although she tried to grin.  
She grabbed the bars, she jammed the  
brakes,  
She did as she was trained,  
The more she tried to check its speed  
The more the darned thing gained.

A "copper" saw her "scorching" by—  
"Aha!" he said, and flew—  
For he was of the Cycle Squad  
And was a "scorcher" too.  
He caught her and "took in" the wheel,  
This conscientious "cop,"  
And all because the lawless thing  
Could not be made to stop.

*Brooklyn Life.*



## A POP ON WHEELS.

*Air—"Row, Brothers, Row."*

She fair and graceful,  
As a man likes;  
He nice, but bashful;  
Both on their bikes.

Maiden's eyes glisten,  
Cheeks like the rose;  
No one to listen—  
Why not propose?

"Nancy, I—(wabble)—  
(Drat the old bike!)  
You're just the kind of girl—  
(Wabble)—I like."



Wobbled all over—  
Crash! went two wheels;  
So did two lovers—  
Head over heels!

"Yes," said she coyly,  
"I'll be your bride;  
"But please get a duplex  
Next time we ride!"

*John W. Low, in New York World.*



### PHILLIDA ON HER WHEEL.

*Air—"Old Dog Tray,"*

When I was but a lad,  
Long ago,  
This simple lore I had,  
Don't you know,  
That every maiden fair  
Was an angel unaware,  
And I wondered when and where  
The wings would grow.

But wiser now am I,  
A good deal,  
Though I've sometimes seen them fly,  
Yet I feel  
They are something just between  
Man and angel in their mien  
Since my Phillida I've seen  
On her wheel.

She does not show a sign  
Of a wing,  
But her figure is divine,  
And the fling  
Of her abbreviated gown,  
As she flickers through the town,  
Might buy the throne and crown  
Of a king.

No halo of a saint  
Does she wear,  
Such as Lippo loved to paint,  
But her hair  
As when all heaven streams  
Through the landscape of my dreams—  
In such glory floats and gleams  
On the air!

But not all for heaven she—  
Not too good!  
Yet she's good enough for me  
In any mood.  
And if her dashing wheel  
Took her even to the de'il,  
Thither, too, I'd gently steal—  
Yes, I would!

*Charles G. D. Roberts, in Truth.*



### SEMPER IDEM.

*Air—"Auld Lang Syne."*

The swimming season's almost o'er,  
The beach is lone to-day,  
The summer girl deserts the shore  
For city pleasures gay.  
The bathing dress is put away  
She lately flirted in,  
And in a biking suit to-day  
Upon the broad and smooth highway  
She takes a lively spin.

Where'er she goes, by land or sea,  
She does her own sweet will;  
We bend to her the willing knee—  
She fascinates us still.  
Her potent influence we own  
On shoes or in the waves;  
When summer's here, when it has flown,  
She draws us humble slaves.

*Boston Courier.*

## THEY ARE SEVEN.

*Air—"Mary Blane."*

I met a dainty summer girl,  
She was not old, she said.  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had no rustic woodland air,  
And she was smartly clad.  
She wore upon her face so fair  
A look that made me sad.

"Tell me what ails you, pretty maid,  
That you so wan may be?"  
"Alas, they're seven in all," she said  
And looked dejectedly.

"But what are 'they?' I prithee tell."  
She answered, "Seven there be;  
Two bruises on my ankle dwell,  
'And two upon my knee."

"Two of them on my arm do lie,  
(They came when with Fan's brother),  
The seventh gave me this black eye.  
You see how blue's the other."

"You go about, my winsome maid,  
Your limbs they are yet whole!"  
"Oh, yes." A fleeting smile betrayed  
The sadness of her soul.

"Why do you ride the wheel, my dear,  
If this is the result?"  
She said: "I'd ride it without fear  
Though 'twas a catapult!"

"No matter if they're seventy!  
Unto my wheel is given  
My heart forever more. Yet still  
Of headers I have had my fill.  
My bruises they are seven."

*Mary F. Nixon, in New York Sun.*

## NO RACE.

*Air—"Green Grow the Rushes."*

If Tam O'Shanter had a wheel  
The witches might hae sought him  
Fra bosky glen to rinnin burn  
But ne'er ne'er caught him.

But I—by far a soberer man—  
While speeding down the highway,  
Took freight at a wee canny thing  
Wha whirled fra oot the byway.

Fu' plain she bore th' witches' sign;  
Cleft chin a-set wi' laughter;  
An' Tam' ain bonnet on her head  
Made my puir brain th' dafter.

Sae fast she sped along th' way  
I felt that she was winnin',  
"I'm caught," I cried, but on she went  
An' would na stop her rinnin'.

"I yield the race!" I cried, but she  
Looked round fra o'er her plaidie  
Wi' blue eyes wide an' coolly said:  
"Wha's racin' wi' you, laddie?"

*Chicago Journal.*



## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

*Air—"Oft in the Stilly Night."*

She passes on her wheel; I stand  
And watch her onward gliding.  
I note the dainty little hand  
Her cycle deftly guiding.

Her rosy cheeks and wavy hair  
Beneath her hat-brim shading;  
I watch her figure, light as air,  
Into the distance fading.

So she rides past me every day,  
And each time comes the feeling,  
Ah, me! she takes my heart away  
Each time she goes a-wheeling.

But I must get me back to toil,  
Nor stop, her form to scan.  
Her papa's in the Standard Oil,  
And I'm his hired man.

And so my heartache I must heal,  
And bend to labor's load.  
That's why, you see, she rode the wheel,  
While I—I wheel the road!

*Joe Lincoln, in Buffalo Courier.*



### HE DREW THE LINE.

*Air—"Cruiskeen Lawn."*

Her face won his devotion,  
And her figure's queenly motion  
Filled his being with a notion  
All have felt.

She rode her wheel so sweetly  
That she conquered him completely,  
And she had him tucked up neatly  
Neath her belt.

Her dot was more than ample,  
For a thou. was but a sample,  
And she never tried to trample  
On his vows.

So this youth, in luck emphatic,  
Had a future more ecstatic  
Had he not been too erratic  
To espouse.

For although her face and wheeling  
And her fortune raised a feeling  
That his peace of mind was stealing  
And his ease,

He had courage never flagging,  
And preferred forever staggering  
When he saw her bloomers bagging  
At the knees.

*Frederic S. Hartzell, in Cleveland World.*



### NELLIE ON HER BIKE.

*Air—"Maid of Lodi."*

She has a fair and lovely face,  
A face that wins the men;  
She rides a bicycle with grace  
And scorches now and then.

She scorches now and then, but in  
No crowded thoroughfare;  
In country ways she takes her spin  
Where travelers are rare.

And thus to woman, man or child  
No danger can come nigh  
From her, for she's of temper mild  
And wouldn't hurt a fly.

She has a heart that's warm to feel,  
An eye that's bright with fun;  
If under her she has a wheel,  
She in her head has none.

She wears a pretty, modest suit,  
Well fitted and well made,  
And though she shows a shapely foot,  
Her leg is not displayed.

She is to every gazer's eye  
A vision of delight;  
Her grace as she goes speeding by  
Would charm an anchorite.

She is from affectations free;  
Her modest ways I like,  
And everybody's glad to see  
Sweet Nellie on her bike.

*Boston Courier.*

## FIN DE SIECLE.

*Air—"One Bumper at Parting."*

I'm an end-of-the-century girl,  
But really, between you and me,  
I don't think the fun of the thing  
Is quite what it's cracked up to be.

I've worked to emancipate Woman,  
I've tried to scorn dances and teas,  
I've discarded my petticoats, too,  
And arrayed myself boldly in—these!

I've swung on the parallel bars,  
Read Ibsen, Nordau, and George Moore;  
I've toiled and I've spun on my wheel  
Till all my anatomy's sore.

To-morrow I'll cremate these togs  
And lie in a hammock till night,  
With the Duchess and fashions to left  
And a box of French bonbons to right.

Yes, I've smoked, too, and gone through  
the slums,  
And inspected a big penitentiary,  
And—hurrah! the goal is in sight,  
The end of my first and last "century."

*Dick Law, in New York Sun.*



## A CONDITION.

*Air—"Robin Adair."*

"Come, fly with me," the lover said,  
"To some far distant clime,  
Where tender romance is not dead  
And wealth is not sublime."  
"Go 'fly' away with you?" said she,  
"Whoever heard the like?  
If you would travel hence with me,  
You'll have to ride a bike."

*Cleveland Leader.*

## AN APPEAL.

*Air—"Nora Creina."*

Prithee, Phyllis, give up coasting—  
This appeal to you I'm making;  
'Tis your neck, down hillsides posting—  
And my heart your after breaking!

Woman—so they say who know her—  
Let not this suggestion rankle—  
Chiefly coasts that she may show her  
Pretty foot and well turned ankle!

Even so, pray give up coasting;  
Homage I will duly render,  
And, instead, admire them toasting,  
If I may, upon the fender!

Coasting is a "dangerous practice,"  
Let me beg of you to end it;  
Do not argue, for, the fact is,  
Argument cannot defend it.

Yes, I know—you say you've never  
Had a spill yet—don't be boasting!  
Though you do it "clean and clever,"  
Prithee, Phyllis, give up coasting!

*Punch.*



## A FEW WANTS.

*Air—"Blue Bells of Scotland."*

Wanted: A kneepan smooth and hard,  
Unseamed and a perfect fit;  
Prepared from stuff uncommonly tough,  
That is warranted not to split.

Wanted: A brand new set of ribs,  
Not made for vain display;  
Not twisted, torn, or warped and worn,  
But curved in the proper way.



Wanted: A pair of perfect ears —  
No fluted edges for me;  
An ear not ground, but round and sound,  
As a real good ear should be.

Wanted: A face. I am not vain,  
And a good plain face will do,  
That is not a sight—with the color white,  
For I'm tired of black and blue.

A man that's new I'll be once more,  
When these parts have been supplied;  
And maybe, then, I will mount again  
That wheel and learn to ride.

*Life.*



### RUMOR CONFIRMED.

*Air—"Rob Roy McGregor."*

"Meeker and his wife are 'out'!"  
So the rumor moved about;  
Neighbors were inclined to doubt,  
Knowing none were more devout  
In their loving, yet were bound,  
By the character renowned  
Of the tongues that did resound  
With the story going round,  
To reiterate the shout—  
"Meeker and his wife are 'out'!"

Ripe with wonder were they all  
That such evil should befall  
People they'd been prone to call  
Proofs of love's enduring thrall;  
But as day did day succeed  
They discovered that indeed  
Rumor was of truth the seed  
And did full conviction breed  
For the moments time doth deal  
Did, in proof of reigning zeal,  
Meeker and his wife reveal  
Daily "out" upon their wheel.

*Boston Courier.*

## AN OLD MAID'S REVERIE.

*Air—"Araby's Daughter."*

Shall I tell you what I'm thinking  
As I sit alone to-day,  
While the ruddy coals are shrinking  
Into ashes wan and gray?

I am thinking of my cycle,  
Swift as any Arab steed;  
Graceful in its revolutions,  
Geared exactly right for speed.

I am old and nearly sixty,  
Staid and settled in my ways,  
Yet my heart will throb with pleasure  
Thinking of my cycling days.

Tell me not of balls and dances,  
O ye folk of feeble wits,  
Schottische, polka, waltz, or barn-dance,  
Cycling beats them "all to fits."

In the dance how many giddy  
Revolutions must you do;  
While in cycling you sit steady,  
And your wheel gyrates—not you.

In the dance the conversation  
Is the silliest you have heard!  
But the wheel—your iron partner—  
Ne'er interpolates a word.

In the dance the air is poisoned  
With carbonic acid gas,  
On the wheel you meet the freshness  
Of the morning as you pass.

So I think I've made my case clear,  
And you'll all agree with me  
That there's naught comes up to cycling,  
If you've "goodlie companie."

Did I say my age was sixty,  
 And my riding days were o'er?  
 Perish such a dreary notion!  
 I will cycle more and more,  
 'Till my limbs no more support me,  
 And my vision clouded be,  
 'Till the present, past and future  
 Merge into eternity.

*A. K. S., in C. T. C. Gazette.*



## SONG OF THE SLOW-COACH.

*Air—"Moll Roe."*

I scarce know a nut from a bracket,  
 I can't ride twelve miles in an hour,  
 I loathe all the wearisome racket  
 Of amateur license and bar;  
 I keep my machines for three seasons,  
 And never exceed sixty gear,  
 Yet I'm happy, for dozens of reasons,  
 That spring's drawing near.  
 You think I've no right of existence,  
 You scorchers of speed and of fame,  
 Who grind with a deadly persistence  
 The tasks of your wearisome game;  
 The dry roads of March have been  
 whitened  
 By heaven to lessen your toll,  
 And the evenings of spring have been  
 lightened  
 To save your lamp-oil.  
 Yet still we're as common as rabbits,  
 We people who can't shatter times,  
 And we don't think our leisurely habits  
 Are really the worst sort of crimes.  
 Your joys are in toil and in striving,  
 We love but to linger and loll,  
 Yet—let us be glad—while we're living,  
 The spring's for us all.

*The Irish Cyclist.*

## WHO CAN TELL?

*Air—" Irish Molly O."*

Oh, all ye learned ones who know  
The ways of womankind,  
Pray answer me a question that  
Doth much perplex my mind.  
Why does the maid with dainty form,  
Whene'er she goes a-wheel,  
Bedeck her lovely limbs with skirts  
That reach down to the heel,  
While she whose form is thinner far  
Than maiden's e'er should be,  
A cycling skirt will always wear  
That ends just at the knee?

*Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



## THE SONG OF THE WHEEL.

*Air—" On the Beach at Long Branch."*

Whizzing through the meadows,  
Bouncing over ridges,  
Dodging busy crossings,  
Scooting under bridges,  
Coasting down steep hillsides  
Till the senses reel;  
Bless me! this is pleasant,  
Riding on a wheel!

Rolling over roadways  
Swift as bird on wing  
Early in the morning;  
This is just the thing!  
Hearing matin music  
From each dewy spray;  
Old Sol, in the meantime,  
Ushers in the day.

Skimming o'er the pavement,  
Shooting through the park,

Viewing pretty flowers—  
Isn't it a lark?  
Haven't any lantern,  
Light begins to fail;  
Copper will arrest and  
Run us into jail!

Speeding, swiftly speeding,  
Go the racers gay,  
Bending nearly double  
As they dash away.  
All the people shouting,  
Wonder on each face,  
Try to pick the winner  
In the great road race.

Papa and his baby,  
Darling little boy,  
Whistle tuneful ditties—  
Life is full of joy.  
Papa works the pedals,  
Baby rides before;  
Papa soon is tired.  
Baby cries for more.

Gentleman just learning  
Seems a little rash;  
Steers into a hydrant  
With an ugly crash!  
Pulls himself together,  
Not inclined to talk;  
While the rest are looking  
Thinks he'd rather walk.

Gentleman in trousers  
Cut decolette,  
Sees a maid in bloomers  
Just across the way.  
Thinks that he will charm her  
By his ease and grace;  
Finds she's fully fifty  
When he sees her face.

With immense exertion,  
Mr. Adipose,  
Filling half the highway,  
Sweating, puffing, goes.  
Morning, noon, and evening  
Finds him on the spin,  
Happy in the thought that  
He is getting thin.

Stream and vale and mountain  
Fascinate the sight;  
Nature's many beauties  
Are the cyclist's right.  
Splendor of the sunset  
In the evening sky.  
Form and hue and fragrance  
Greet him passing by.

Whizzing through the meadows,  
Bouncing over ridges,  
Dodging busy crossings,  
Scooting under bridges.  
Coasting down steep hillsides  
Till the senses reel;  
Bless me! this is pleasant,  
Riding on a wheel!

*Chicago Tribune.*



## RIVALS OF THE WHEEL.

*Air—"Coming Thro' the Rye."*

Give me a pair of sturdy legs,  
And fair outfit of feet,  
And I'll forego the bicycle,  
However light and fleet.

For where's the wheelman knows the  
wood,  
Or views the cloud-flecked sky,  
Or leaps the fence to meet a lass  
A-comin' through the rye?

To every glimpse of loveliness  
His set, grim eyes are blind;  
He only sees the skimming road  
And counts the miles behind.

And should he meet a maid a-wheel,  
He can't think aye or no  
Ere he and she have whisked apart  
A dozen leagues or so.

Then give me my convenient legs,  
That go where'er I bid,  
Heaven keep them always tireless  
As when I was a kid!

*Boston Courier.*



## HOW THEY FOOLED THE FROST- KING.

*Air—"The Gypsy King."*

The Frost King called to his fairy train,  
From their home in the frozen zone,  
"Come cover the earth with the counter-  
pane  
That hardens her heart to stone."

"I've an old, old joke to play," he sung,  
And his voice was a wintry wail,  
Then he frosted the tip of his nose and  
hung  
An icicle on his tail.

\* \* \* \*

'Twas merry, 'twas merry in Foxbrush  
Hall,  
For the hunting men were there;  
The starkest riders, one and all,  
From Carlow and Kildare.

They smoke and sing, and lie and laugh,  
Till the lofty rafter rings,  
And seltzer with other things they quaff  
To the glorious sport of kings!

The lights are out—they sleep at last,  
And dream of a hunting morn—  
Ho! roysterer, heard ye the tiny blast  
That rang from the Elfin horn?

Sleep on, sleep on, for a dream is all  
Your hunting for many a day;  
High over the towers of Foxbrush Hall  
The Frost King wings his way.

And his "impis" labor the live-long night,  
Till far as the eye can see  
The leas are white and the trees bedight  
With silver filigree.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis gloomy, 'tis grumpy in Foxbrush  
Hall;

There is gloom, and there's grump  
galore,  
For the hounds have not come from the  
kennels at all,  
Though the horses are at the door.

For the huntsman reports "that the  
roads are like rocks,  
There's a bone in each bloomin' bank,  
And 'im as goes 'urtlin' 'is' osse's 'ocks  
'As honly 'isself to thank.

And the Frost King rubs his frozen  
hands,

And sharpens his crystal spear,  
Whilst a smile, like a crack in the ice,  
expands  
His mouth from ear to ear.

But the smile dies down, and a sud-  
den frown

Has wrinkled his brow of snow;  
When the host maintains, "Though the  
Frost King reigns,  
Still a-hunting we can go!"



"We have fifty odd bicycles at our call,  
So, though the frost congeals,  
At ten we start from Foxbrush Hall  
For a glorious hunt on wheels!

"My daughter and I will be the hares,  
For we know the country well;  
It's twenty to one we are back in our  
lairs  
Before the dinner bell!"

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis merry once more in Foxbrush Hall,  
As the wheels go flashing past,  
But the Frost King sings exceeding  
small  
As he mutters, "Fooled at last."

*W. P. French, in The Irish Cyclist.*



### THE RESCUE LADIES.

*Air—"I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls."*

Have the Rescue Ladies heard the tale  
Of the Injun chief in the Western vale,  
Who thought he'd stop the rushing train  
In a way that seemed both smooth and  
plain?

He rode adown the lonely track  
With his lasso carried coiled and slack,  
And watched the engine come in view—  
Watched till the warning whistle blew,  
And then, as the monster thundered by,  
He let his trusty lasso fly!

It slipped right over the great smoke-  
stack—  
But the train adhered to the lonely track,  
And all they found of the mighty chief  
Was a dangling cord and a little jerked  
beef!

There's a moral fine in this ancient tale,  
That shows how easy 'tis to fall,  
When you try to stop with a raveling  
strand  
A force that thunders through the land;  
And I think the dames in their new  
crusade  
Will find themselves on a fatal grade,  
And appreciate how the chief did feel  
When they try to lasso the flying wheel.  
*Detroit Free Press.*



### THE FRIEND OF THE MILLION.

*Air—"Hibernia's Lovely Jean."*

With many a friend, and ne'er a foe,  
this cycle-riding craze  
Is spreading o'er the smiling earth, be-  
neath the solar rays;  
It gathers strength at every bound, ap-  
peals to rich and poor,  
It lets the butcher in to keep the doc-  
tor from the door.

The old and maimed, the halt and blind,  
and those who're sore distressed.  
It bringeth comfort to their hearts, and  
they are doubly blessed;  
The business man regards his bike as a  
sort of inner self,  
That, by sweeping "cobwebs" from his  
brain, gathers in the pelf.

The lordly duke and courtly belle, worn  
with dissipation,  
Turn to the wheel as "the thing, you  
know," and healthful relaxation;  
The laborer on a fearsome crock, rattles  
off to work,  
The schoolboy on a "juvenile" attendance  
does not shirk.

So it's sing, O Cyclers, black and white,  
of every clime and nation,  
The praises of St. Velo in the highest  
adulation;  
Ring out the tidings to the world, that  
one and all may know  
That any other panacea hasn't got a  
"show."

*Bicycling News.*



### ROUNDED UP.

*Air—"Paddies Evermore."*

He feared no bucking broncho that went  
snorting o'er the plain;  
He had tamed the brute for pleasure  
and could do the same again.  
He had steered the ponderous mail-  
coach where the rocky passes sweep  
In mystifying zig-zags close to chasms  
broad and deep.

And sometimes he had ridden, in an  
economic stress  
Out in front, upon the pilot, of the can-  
non-ball express;  
His reckless hungering for speed oft  
tempted him to seek  
The joy of a toboggan down the nearest  
mountain peak.

But success must have its limit. Ere his  
mad career was through,  
He boasted once too often and he met  
his Waterloo.  
He thought no pace too devious or swift  
for him to strike,  
But he howled for help and weakened  
when they got him on a bike.

*Washington Star.*

## TWO ON A TANDEM.

*Air—"My Heart and Lute."*

When all the tiny wheeling stars  
Their cycle lamps have lit,  
And, bending o'er their handle bars  
On roads celestial flit,

I trundle out my tandem fleet,  
With Daisy at my side;  
We mount, and then our flying feet  
Propel us far and wide.

Along the smooth secluded pike  
We take our evening run,  
Two souls with but a single bike,  
Two hearts that scorch as one.  
*Earl H. Eaton, in Truth.*



## A SONG OF THE WHEEL.

*Air—"Wait for the Wagon."*

When the air is rushing past us, and our  
ride has just begun,  
With the hard white road beneath us,  
and above, the blazing sun,  
What a happiness is in us, what a joy  
it is we feel,  
When it's ride, ride, ride, a-riding on  
the wheel.

We are racing down the roadway, pass-  
ing tree and field.  
Tell us not of other pastimes, and the  
pleasures that they yield.  
For we now are racing madly, nimbly  
working toe and heel,  
For it's race, race, race, a-racing on the  
wheel.

There's a heavenly sky above us, and  
Nature laughs aloud!  
In our little rustic arbor we forget the  
"madding crowd."  
But now we must be stirring, and down  
the street we steal,  
And it's ring, ring, ring, of the bell above  
the wheel.

But it isn't always "scorching," and my  
cycle's pace is slow,  
When the one who cycles with me is the  
lady that I know,  
With face divine, a perfect form, a heart  
as true as steel,  
Oh, it's love, love, love, it's Cupid on  
the wheel.

When Old Time has cycled past me, and  
my ride is almost done,  
And my life will all be evening, and  
above, the setting sun,  
I shall watch the roving cyclist, I shall  
still be full of zeal.  
'Twill be glad, glad, glad, glad memories  
of the wheel.

*Arthur H. Lawrence, in Cycling World.*



## IN THE MOONLIGHT.

*Air—"Over the Garden Wall."*

She smiled at me as she swiftly passed,  
Over the handle bar;  
That sunny smile was the maiden's last,  
Over the handle bar;  
She carromed hard on a cobble stone,  
She took a header she couldn't postpone—  
Her twinkling heels in the moonlight  
shone  
Over the handle bar.

*Philadelphia News.*

## TRUTH IN RHYME.

*Air—"Down in a Coal Mine."*

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of dust,  
Fill the mighty wheelman  
With feelings of disgust.

Little grains of dust and  
Rain in little drops,  
Bring the mighty wheelman  
To unexpected "stops."

Little grains of dust and  
Little drops of rain,  
Make the mighty wheelman  
Feel a bit profane.

*H. E., in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



## THE OLD BIKE.

*Air—"When I was a Lad."*

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old bike  
there?

I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
And its battered old frame brings the  
tears to my eyes.

'Tis bound with a thousand bands to  
my heart,

Though the sprocket's bent and the links  
are apart.

Would you know the spell? My grand-  
ma sat there,

Upon that old saddle, and zipped through  
the air.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
That old machine, with listening ear,  
For grandma's shrieks through the house  
would ring

If I even happened to touch the thing.  
 She told me to wait until she died,  
 Then I could take it and learn to ride.  
 And once I caused her to tear her hair,  
 When I cut the tire of that old wheel  
     there.  
 'Tis old, 'tis wrecked, but I gaze on it  
     now  
 With quivering breath and with throbbing brow.  
 'Twas there she sat—ah, how she could  
     ride,  
 With grandpa humping along at her side!  
 Say it is folly, call it a joke,  
 But the scrap man can't have even a  
     spoke.  
 For I love it, I love it, and cannot bear  
 To part with my grandma's old bike  
     there!

*Cleveland Leader.*



## SHE WAITS FOR ME.

*Air—"Carnival of Venice."*

When worn and tired with toil and care,  
 I homeward wheel my way,  
 A thought dispels my dark despair  
 And lights the homeward way;  
 A vision fair far up the street  
 With straining eyes I see—  
 I hurry then my love to meet—  
 I know she waits for me.  
  
 She waits for me, my love, my own,  
 She greets me with a smile,  
 I hear again her tender tone,  
 It shortens every mile.  
 She waits for me, because, you see,  
 Like lightning she can go—  
 At every turn she waits for me—  
 I ride so awful slow!

*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

## MARIANA UP TO DATE.

*Air—"The Heart Bowed Down."*

The maid stood by her shining wheel,  
And proudly tossed her head;  
"I'll ride to-day, come woe or weal,  
Though he come not," she said.

But when a puncture flattened out  
The tire so smooth and round,  
Her pretty lips began to pout,  
And very soon a sound

Much like a sob broke on the air.  
"Why comes he not?" the maiden said;  
"I have no kit! I do not care!  
I wish that I were dead!"

*James D. Dowling, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



## THE SCORCHER.

*Air—"Genevieve."*

He scorcheth down the Ripley Road,  
His teeth are set, his eyes a-glare;  
In curious curves his back is bowed,  
And weird the raiment he doth wear.  
He looketh not on maiden fair,  
Nor anything of beauty sees,  
For him, alack, no charm is there,  
Who rides with nose between his knees.

He carrieth but little load,  
And yet thereat shall curse and swear,  
For still his demon doth him goad  
To ride more quickly—anywhere.  
With bullet head and close cropped hair,  
And labor hard, which may him please,  
What convict can with one compare  
Who rides with nose between his  
knees?



Each Sunday morn from his abode,  
 To slaughter dire forth doth he fare;  
 He saith that by-laws may "be blowed,"  
 Nor yet for mounted police doth care.  
 He catcheth lovers unaware,  
 Who saunter underneath the trees;  
 He hath no conscience whatsoe'er,  
 Who rides with nose between his knees.

L'ENVOI.

A crash, a groan, a rigid stare,  
 A coal cart plodding at its ease;  
 Stern Justice waits him who shall dare  
 To ride with nose between his knees.

*Edward F. Strange, in the Cycling World.*



A WORD WANTED.

*Air—"Bonnie Eloise."*

I am willing to pay for a half-page display  
 In heavy-faced letters, declaring  
 That I'll give a new dime for a word  
 that will rhyme  
 With the garments fair cyclists are  
 wearing.  
 So, give me some space in a prominent  
 place  
 And send a sight draft for the pay-  
 ment;  
 Though it takes my last cent, I'll remit  
 with content,  
 When supplied with a rhyme for such  
 —raiment.  
 Only poets can know the extent of my  
 woe  
 When intent on some brilliant ef-  
 fusion—  
 I am knocked out of time for the lack  
 of a rhyme  
 Conveying the needful allusion.

I might fill up my purse writing bicycle  
 verse,  
 At the price it is usually rated,  
 But my troubles intrude when I strive  
 to allude  
 To the cycle girl's garb bifurcated.  
 I could reel off dead loads of good son-  
 nets and odes;  
 I am sure they'd be regular gol-  
 sousers;  
 But a mention of breeches would forfeit  
 my riches  
 And how can I use the word "trous-  
 ers"?  
 So, please give my ad. the best place  
 to be had,  
 And meanwhile I'll go down in my  
 lockers  
 And fish out a dime for a word that will  
 rhyme  
 With those togs that are not knicker-  
 bockers.

*Bearings.*



## A LOVER'S WAIL.

*Air—"Then You'll Remember Me."*

Lucinda has the cycle fad,  
 And weekly worse it grows;  
 She wants a wheel and wants it bad,  
 And likewise bloomer clothes.

I'd like to please her, but I feel  
 Opposed to cycling quite;  
 To me a woman on a wheel  
 Is not a pretty sight.

The thought of it my temper stirs;  
 I know I would not like  
 To see that stately form of hers  
 Bent over on a bike.

I do not fancy biking humps,  
And feel my grief 'twould crown  
To see those beauteous legs, like pumps  
Go working up and down.

No, wheels are not for such as she,  
Though they are speedy things.  
Far more appropriate 'twould be  
Were she equipped with wings.

*Boston Courier.*



### NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

*Air—"The Wanderer."*

Show me a sight  
Bates for delight  
A bicycle bright wid a young Irish girl  
on it;  
Oh, no!  
Nothin' you'll show  
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl  
on it.

Look at her there,  
Night in her hair—  
The blue eye of day from her eye laugh-  
in' out on us,  
Faix an' a fut,  
Perfect of cut,  
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us.

That there's a sight  
Bates for delight  
A bicycle bright with a young Irish girl  
on it;  
Oh, no!  
Nothin' you'll show  
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl  
on it.

See! how the steel  
Brightens to feel  
The touch of them beautiful weeshy soft  
hands of her!  
Down goes her heel,  
Round runs the wheel,  
Purrin' wld pleasure to take the com-  
mands of her.

Talk of Three Fates.  
Sated and Sates,  
Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've  
done for me.  
You may want three  
For your massacre—  
But one fate for me, boys, and only the  
one for me.

An' isn't that fate  
Pictured complate,  
A bicycle bright wid a young Irish girl  
on it;  
Oh, no!  
Nothin' you'll show  
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl  
on it.

*Irish Cyclist.*



## THE CRUCIAL TEST.

*Air—"The Young May Moon."*

"I always feel so brave," she said,  
"When I the 'cycle pedals tread.  
Like some world-conquering cavalier,  
I ride unconscious all of fear!"

A field mouse crossed our winding way—  
A gasp, a scream, a swerve, a sway!  
And roadside gully did reveal  
A pot pourri of mald and wheel.

*Richmond Dispatch.*

## OLD GRUMBLER TO NEW GIRL.

*Air—"Farewell, My Own."*

Bike! Bike! Bike!

O'er the hard street stones, O She!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me!

O well for the newspaper boy  
That he scoots on his cycle away!  
O well for the butcher lad  
That he pedals—perchance it may pay!

But when stately girls get on  
All a-couch, and with prospect of spill,  
It is O for the touch of a wee soft hand,  
And the sound of a voice that could  
thrill!

Bike! Bike! Bike!

With thy foot on the pedal, O She!  
But the girlish grace that the Wheel  
struck dead  
Will never come back to thee!

*Punch.*



## HER ATTACHED FRIEND.

*Air—"Lauriger Horatius."*

Upon the bench he sat and sat,  
While others came and went,  
His face half hidden 'neath his hat  
Showed doubt and terror blent;  
His sweetheart passed, he didn't rise,  
She knew not what he meant,  
She little guessed the dreadful ties  
That held him while she went;  
For though with love his heart was filled  
He moved to no extent—  
Because he sat where some one spilled  
A tube of bike cement!

*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

## WORK OR PLAY.

*Air—"Days of Jubilee."*

Of all the tedious, irksome jobs  
That I have ever tried,  
The toughest and most tiresome is  
To teach a girl to ride.

And yet the most ecstatic bliss  
It's been my joy to feel  
Was when it fell my lot to teach  
A girl to ride a wheel!

The mystery of this paradox  
Is easy to unfurl,  
For whether it is work or play,  
Depends on whose the girl!

*Southern Cyclist.*



## WITH THE TANDEM AT THE GATE.

*Air—"Hours There Were."*

When evening comes with cooling air  
With tandem I seek Nellie fair,  
To stand disconsolate at her gate  
And count the minutes that I wait  
Until she comes to meet me there.

The smooth roads call us everywhere,  
The parks would hold no happier pair  
If she would only not be late  
But hurry to me at the gate,  
That we might start together there.

The Midway bright with lantern's glare,  
Throbs under countless wheels that bear  
Their riders swiftly on in state.  
Make haste, my dear, it is your mate  
Who calls for you his bliss to share.

*Chicago Times-Herald.*

## WANDERING WILLIE'S WISH.

*Air—"The Days when We Went Gypsying."*

Good roads is what I'm wishin' for,  
An' me and many a pard  
Is allus keepin' on the stir  
To wear 'em smooth an' hard.

We watch the birds upon the wing;  
We travel with the lark,  
And with the robins of the spring  
You'll find us in the park.

We tramp from Maine to Texas,  
An' from Texas everywhere,  
With not a thing to vex us  
If the trampin's only fair.

We hate the narrow wagon wheels,  
They shouldn't be allowed;  
Fer we're—as every member feels—  
A hollow-tired crowd.

If there's a care to trouble you,  
Its purpose you can balk;  
Come join our L. A. W.,  
Which means we Loaf and Walk.  
*L. A. W. Bulletin.*



## WHEN PEGGY RIDES HER WHEEL.

*Air—"The Low-backed Car."*

With head erect and downcast eyes,  
She glides along the street;  
There is no girl in all the town  
Who seems to me so sweet.  
Far down the road she loves so well,  
My tender glances steal;  
The world seems bright, my heart is  
light,  
When Peggy rides the wheel.

The pedals turn with lightning speed;  
She looks demurely meek;  
The rose she wears upon her coat  
Seems pale beside her cheek.  
Oh, if I did but know her will  
I at her shrine would kneel!  
I look above and think of love,  
When Peggy rides the wheel.

How most divinely fair she is  
Within that suit of gray;  
I'm even jealous of the winds  
That with her tresses play.  
I've reached my three score years and  
ten,  
And signs of age reveal;  
But all the same, I'm young again  
When Peggy rides the wheel.

*Edwin Austin Oliver, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



### HOW SHE ACCEPTED HIM.

*Air—"My Lodging is on the Cold Ground."*

"I longed to kiss you," he softly said,  
"As we passed the turnpike, dear."  
"Oh, that was the place," and she tossed  
her head,  
"Where my saddle was out of gear."  
"How much I loved you I longed to tell,  
When we stopped at the inn, you  
know."  
"Oh, that was the place," and her  
glances fell,  
"Where my front wheel wobbled so."  
"And then, when we reached the clover  
farms,  
Under the old oak tree,  
I wanted to clasp you, sweet, in my arms,  
And ask you to marry me."



And the maid, with her rapt gaze  
turned away,  
Blushed deep at his words of fire,  
"To think," she said, "that I rode that  
day  
Ten miles on a punctured tire!  
"And so with pleasure and real delight  
I note what your words reveal;  
For I've longed some time," and she  
clasped him tight,  
"To ride on a brand-new wheel."

Tom Masson, in *Life*.



### THE SONG OF THE SCORCHER.

*Air—"Sprig of Shillelagh."*

Sing hey! the wild scorcher, he's out on  
the track,  
He's mounted his wheel and he's humped  
up his back;  
His saddle is high and his handles are  
low,  
And he's off down the road like a shot  
from a bow.

He carries no lantern, he uses no bell,  
He bears down upon you with whoop  
and with yell;  
The old ladies faint and the children  
all cry,  
And we all hold our breaths when the  
scorcher goes by.

Beware, then, young rider, so trembling  
and pale,  
The hard-riding scorcher is hard on your  
trail;  
He sweeps round the corner—a heart-  
rending crash!  
You roll in the gutter, he's gone like a  
flash.

The steeds of the city ne'er cause him  
to flinch,  
He misses electric's by half of an inch;  
Through the crowds on the crossings,  
regardless he glides,  
And the ambulance follows wherever he  
rides.

O, wild-riding scorcher, we hope when  
you die,  
And depart for the land of the "sweet  
bye and bye,"  
That then will be answered the citizen's  
prayer,  
And you'll get all the scorching you want  
over there.

*Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



### A BICYCLE GLEE SONG.

*Air—"John Brown's Body."*

I have seen the dazzling beauty of the  
swiftly flying wheel,  
I have seen its air-filled tires and its  
bars of flying steel;  
And I know just how its rider, as he  
flies along, does feel—  
As he goes riding on.

Chorus:—

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah; so they go  
riding on.

I know that they are happy, happy,  
happy all the day,  
I know they feel like singing "Yankee  
Doodle" all the way;  
I know they are rejoicing that they did  
not stay away,  
As they go riding on.

Chorus.

So come, my brothers, sisters, all, and  
let us have some fun;  
Come far out in the country bright for  
just a little "run;"  
We surely shall reach home before the  
setting of the sun;  
As we go riding on.

Chorus.

*Glory Anna, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



## A CENTURION.

*Air—"The Sword of Bunker Hill."*

He tumbled from his weary wheel,  
And set it by the door;  
Then stood as though he joyed to feel  
His feet in earth once more;  
And as he mopped his rumpled head  
His face was wreathed in smiles;  
"A very pretty run," he said,  
"I did a hundred miles!"  
  
"A hundred miles!" I cried. "Ah think!  
What beauties you have seen!  
The reedy streams where cattle drink,  
The meadows rich and green.  
Where did you wend your rapid way—  
Through lofty woodland aisles?"  
He shook his head. "I cannot say—  
I did a hundred miles!"  
  
"What hamlets saw your swift tires  
spin?  
Ah, how I envy you!  
To lose the city's dust and din  
Beneath the heaven's blue;  
To get a breath of country air,  
To lean o'er rustic stiles!"  
He only said: "The roads were fair—  
I did a hundred miles!"

*William Carleton, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*

## IF A BODY.

If a body meet a body  
Riding on a wheel,  
If a body greet a body  
Need a body squeal?

Ilka tandem goes at random,  
None th' less go I,  
An' a' the lads that wink at me  
Would kiss me on the sly.

*Scottish Nights.*



## THE SCORCHER'S NEMESIS.

*Air—"Oh, No, We Never Mention Her."*

He had coasted down the pyramids and  
crossed the Bridge of Sighs.  
By his racing in the Orient he had cap-  
tured many a prize.  
Made a circum-navigation of this great  
terrestrial ball,  
Over mountains, plains and ice floes, the  
desert sands and all.

He had beaten with a handicap of forty  
rods or more  
All the cracks of the profession, speedy  
flyers by the score,—  
Such as Banger, Boulter, Zooper, Gizer,  
Curphy, Simble, Kiss,  
Lardiner, Klezler, Cohnson, Mald and  
Bloughead, all without a miss.

He had scaled Iztaccelhaute, rode the  
naughty Transvaal through,  
Scorched a mile in ninety seconds on the  
streets of Timbuctoo;  
In the wilds of Kipling's jungles ran a  
monstrous cobra down,  
And the Rajah of Ujiji made him solid  
with the town.

When he donned his many medals he  
was proof against the foe,  
For a bullet couldn't find him—he was  
armed from head to toe.  
Some of pewter, lead and antimony, copper,  
zinc and gold;  
Some of silver! Yes, of silver!—free and  
otherwise, I'm told.

He had chased a band of Indians and a  
cyclone once chased him,  
But he rounded up in Deadwood with the  
saddle and one rim.  
He had braved a thousand perils and escaped  
without a blow;  
But he couldn't dodge the sprinkling  
cart, and so they buried him low.

*George Bancroft Smith, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



## THE RAIN RACE.

*Air—"Dublin Bay."*

Sing me a song of the whirling wheel  
that paces the coming rain,  
Of the riding rath on the pounded path  
by gate and hedge and lane.  
A lilt to be sung when the spokes are  
strung to the tune of the paling  
stars,  
When the blood of the wire, like a  
vibrant fire, creeps up thro' the  
handle bars.

Lane and marl and sand-white road and  
pattering drops at last.  
Never a turn till the fingers burn and  
the breath comes stabbing fast.  
On and down to the sleepy town on the  
staggering wagon trace,  
Till the blood can feel the soul of the  
steel flame up to the rider's face.

Fast, fast, more fast, until at last, while  
dawn and tempest blend,  
In, in, thro' flash and thunder crash,  
with tumbling rain at end.  
Ne'er saw such ride the Oxus side, nor  
knew it the tribes of Dan,  
But such is a race that findeth place in  
the love of the heart of a man.

*Post Wheeler, in New York Press.*



### ON RAINY DAYS.

*Air—"Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore."*

What though the rain weeps down the  
pane,

And all the streets are muddy gray,  
And cycling hopes are worse than vain  
This wet, unhallowed, dismal day—

Still shall my soul know joy and peace,  
And sweet delight shall thrill my heart,  
As, armed with rags and wrench and  
grease,

I take by bicycle apart.

One half the pleasure, I opine,  
Which focusses upon a wheel  
Is that ecstatic and divine  
Enjoyment I am wont to feel  
When I remove the nuts, or screw  
The saddle off, or loose the chain,  
Or pull the inner tube to view,  
And try to put it back again.

I love to tinker with the forks—  
To readjust the mud-guard strips—  
To cut deft patches out of corks,  
Wherewith to mend the handle-grips;  
I take the bearings out, and clean  
Them with a piece of an old sack,  
And I am happy and serene  
Until I seek to put them back.

Oh, rainy days do fill my heart  
With rapture which I deem sublime,  
For then I take my bike apart,  
Just as I did the other time;  
I file and rub and twist and chop,  
And wrench and pull and paint and  
scrape,  
And next day take it to the shop,  
And have it put back into shape.

*Answers.*



### A FAIR CYCLER.

*Air—"Haste to the Wedding."*

See her spin down the street,  
Natty from head to feet,  
Saucy, bewitching, sweet,  
Gay as a linnet!  
By all the gods! but I'd  
Mightily like to ride  
By that fair cyclist's side  
Just for a minute!

Ah! what nymphean grace!  
What a poise! what a pace!  
Surely, were she to race,  
She could win medals!  
Gown trim, yet flowing free,  
Hat what a hat should be,  
Boots pressing prettily  
Down on the pedals.

Presto! the vision's gone,  
Passed like the blush of dawn;  
Seem from the scene withdrawn  
Love, light and laughter.  
Bless me! how glum I feel!  
By Jove! I'll get my wheel,  
Mount in a trice, and steal  
Speedily after!

*Irving Gilmore in Buffalo Express.*

## BETRAYED.

*Air—"There is no Luck."*

'Tis not the costume that he wears  
Betrays the wheelman bold;  
'Tis not his haggard look that bears  
The proof he's of that mould;  
'Tis not his cap, 'tis not his shoe,  
'Tis not his curving spine;  
Yet something tells us that it's true  
He's in the cycling line.

'Tis not the awkward way he walks,  
'Tis not the way he stands;  
'Tis not the way he laughs or talks  
That marks him in all lands.  
And yet we know that he aims to be  
A "scorcher" and a "crack"—  
We're sure of it, because we see  
The mud-streak down his back.

*Detroit Free Press.*



## WHEELMEN'S WOE.

Don't you think because you see  
Wheelmen bowling gracefully  
Down a hill in ecstasy,  
That to care they are unknown;  
For beyond the vale below  
Is a hill just tilted so  
It will make those wheelmen blow.  
They have troubles of their own.

And ahead there waits a town,  
And a copper with a frown,  
Who delights to call men down,  
If they don't move like a snail.  
Any wheelman so inclined,  
To the cop may speak his mind,—  
And he's lucky if he's fined  
And don't have to go to jail.



When the sprinkler soaks the streets,  
Even acrobatic feats  
Will not keep them in their seats,  
So they tumble in the mud.  
And a little farther still,  
Is a most unwholesome hill,  
Where they're apt to have a spill,  
Which involves a painful thud.

Then, as wheels wont stand such wear,  
There are breaks they can't repair;  
And the railroad don't go there,—  
It's just "twenty miles away."  
And a wheel don't feel as light  
When you're sort of tired at night  
And no supper looms in sight  
Through the mists of dying day.

*F. J. McBeth, Jr., in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



### MY WHEEL.

*Air—"Royal Charlie."*

I love my wheel as men are said  
At times to love a horse,  
And when I treat it harshly I  
Am filled with much remorse.  
I take it on the best of roads,  
And keep its tires fed.  
I never fill them with bad air,  
But choose the best instead.

And as horse-lovers groom their steeds  
Until their sleek sides shine,  
So with the best of polish I  
Rub up that bike of mine.  
And when it shows some weakness  
In its sprockets I repair  
As horsemen, to the doctor who  
Will give it best of care.

And in return my well-loved wheel  
Shows me affection great.

It rarely throws me o'er its head  
To crack my massive pate.  
And if it happens that I fall,  
As it must sometimes be,  
My grateful little wheel takes care  
That it falls not on me.

Yet, like a horse, it has some faults,  
At which I close my eyes.  
Sometimes upon the boulevard  
My little bikelet shies.  
Sometimes when I would mount, it seems  
Quite frisky, and will go  
Off to one side and wobble for  
A dozen yards or so.

But on the whole it's amiable,  
Its spirits never flag,  
And I would never swap it off  
For any splendid nag.  
For best of all its qualities,  
When winter's on the hook,  
My little bikey is no tax  
Upon my pocketbook.

*Harper's Bazaar.*



### PUNCTURED.

*Air—"Molly Brallaghan."*

The preacher spoke of little things,  
Their influence and power.  
And how the little pitted speck  
Made all the apple sour.

He told how great big sturdy oaks  
From little acorns grew,  
And how the tiny little stone  
The burly giant slew.

But the cyclist sat there unimpressed  
By all the speaker's fire,  
Until he went outside and found  
A pin had pierced his tire.

*Wilkesbarre News Dealer.*

## WHEN GERTY GOES A-WHEELING.

*Air—"The Spider and the Fly."*

When Gerty goes a-wheeling half the  
people in the place  
Come out to gaze, admire and praise,  
as she skims by apace;  
They never tire of lauding her activity  
and grace,  
And of the whole there's not a soul but  
loves her bonny face.  
So fast she flies,  
She has fluttered past and gone  
Before their eyes  
Have been fairly cast upon  
The rippling skirt, which half forgets  
its duty of concealing  
Those little feet that pedal fleet when  
Gerty goes a-wheeling.

When Gerty goes a-wheeling it has been  
observed that few,  
However quick and hard they kick, can  
keep her wheel in view.  
According to appearances, they've  
crawled while Gerty flew,  
Though they have trained and toiled and  
strained and done the best they  
knew.

The lissome lass  
Always leads them on the course;  
They cannot pass,  
And must be resigned perforce  
To smother in their jerseyed breasts the  
deep chagrin they're feeling,  
And take her dust, because they must,  
When Gerty goes a-wheeling!

When Gerty goes a-wheeling, it's a pleas-  
ant sight to see,  
For light and lithe and brave and blithe  
and beautiful is she;

Her brown hair blowing backward, and  
her cheeks aglow with glee.  
The cream she seems of what one dreams  
a wheel girl ought to be—  
Like sylph on wing,  
In a sky forever fair,  
A happy thing  
Of the sunshine and the air.  
You fancy you are touched by some celestial breath, revealing  
In very truth, the joy of youth, when  
Gerty goes a-wheeling!

*Manley H. Pike, in Buffalo Express.*



### LOCHINVAR TO DATE.

*Air—"Kinloch of Kinloch."*

A young Lochinvar is come out of the  
West,  
Of all the good makes his wheel was  
the best;  
And save for his air pump equipments  
he'd none;  
He rode without tools, but he rode not  
alone.  
So faithful in love, so matchless in  
speed,  
He outscorched the scorcheders—in that  
all agreed.  
  
He stayed not for tack, he stopped not  
for dog,  
He rode o'er the river upon a round log;  
But e'er he leaped off at his fiancée's  
gate,  
His Nell had consented and Locky was  
late  
For a "dead one" at speed (he'd ne'er  
won a race)!  
Was to wed Locky's Nell, to take Locky's  
place!

"I'll enter," said Locky, "whatever be-  
fall.

And if need arise I'll punch bridesman  
and all."

Then spoke the bride's father, with fire  
in his eye

(The singular is right—the other was  
shy):

"Come you for trouble or to share in  
our joy?

You're in either case welcome, Locky,  
me boy."

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit  
was denied.

Love swells like a tire, but it ebbs like  
the tide;

And now I am come with this lost love  
of mine

To eat of the bride cake, to drink of  
the wine.

There are maidens in this burgh far  
fairer who'll try

To win out old Locky—you know that's  
no lie."

The bride pledged a "schooner" and Lock  
took her up.

Went her four better and threw down  
the cup.

The cut of her bloomers, the light of her  
eye

Made young Locky mutter, "I'll win her  
or die."

He took her soft hand ere her ma could  
prevent

And 'round the whole room in a polka  
they went.

A touch of her hand, a word in her ear,  
He gave her a sign that the tandem  
was near.

From the door to the seat the bloomer  
girl sprung;  
To light in the saddle behind her he  
swung.  
"We're off!" Locky shouted, "we'll give  
'em a run.  
They're scorchers, indeed, who'll be in  
on this fun."

There was mounting of wheels 'mong  
all Nellie's clan,  
From the young country cousin e'en to  
the old man;  
But they never saw more fair bride or  
groom true—  
Who scorched to the altar on a wheel  
built for two.

*E. G. K., in Post Dispatch.*



## A CYCLE TRYST.

*Air—"Killarney."*

Cynthia, each sunny day,  
On her cycle speeds away,  
Laughing cheerily, to stray  
Up the valley's winding way,  
Merry, careless, bright and gay,  
Blithe as sylvan sprite at play,  
Idle nymph, or woodland fay,  
As fair, as sweet as budding May!

Bides she by the grand old tree  
In the forest's secrecy,  
Content alone awhile to be.  
Yonder, soon, an eye shall see  
Coming nigh, a wheelman free,  
Laughing, singing tenderly  
Eros' song of sympathy—  
Should he pause, if you were he?

*American Cycling.*

## THE SCORCHER'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

*Air—"Rostin Castle."*

My beautiful, my beautiful! thou stand-  
est meekly by,  
With proudly arched and glossy frame,  
and sprocket geared so high.  
Fret not to roam within the Park with  
all thy winged speed;  
I may not scorch on thee again—thou'rt  
pinched, my silent steed!

Fret not with that impatient tire, sound  
not the warning gong;  
They'll check you in a basement damp  
because I scorched along.  
The bike cop hath thy handle bar—my  
tears will not avail;  
Fleet-wheeled and beautiful, farewell!  
for thou'rt held for bail!

Farewell! those fat pneumatic wheels  
full many a mile have spun,  
To bask beside the Cliff House bar or do  
a century run;  
Some other hand less skilled than mine  
must pump thee up with air;  
The patent lamp that won't stay lit must  
be another's care.

Only in sleep shall I behold myself with  
bended back—  
Only in sleep shall thee and I avoid the  
trolley track;  
And when I churn the pedals down to  
check or cheer thy speed,  
Then must I, starting, wake to learn  
thou'rt pinched, my silent steed.

Ah, rudely, then, unseen by me, some  
clumsy chump bestride

May wabble into rough brick walls and  
dish a wheel beside;  
And compressed wind that's in thee  
'scape in shrill, indignant pain  
'Till cruel man that on thee rides will  
fill thee up again!

With slow, dejected foot I roam, not  
knowing where or when  
I'll meet a good Samaritan who'll kindly  
loan me ten.  
And sometimes to the Park I go, drawn  
in my hopeless quest;  
'Twas here I struck a record clip—the  
copper did the rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who said that I had given thee up? Who  
said that thou wert lost?  
'Tis false, 'tis false, my silent steed! I  
fling them fine and cost!  
Thus—thus I leap upon thy back and hit  
the asphalt trail.  
Away! my bright and beautiful; I  
pawned my watch for ball.

*Charles Dryden, in San Francisco Examiner.*



## TO LOVELY WOMAN.

*Air—"Land o' the Leal," or "Scots Wha Hae."*

Oh, not the cycle, lady fair!  
Those slender hands and dainty feet  
Were made for man's delight, despair,  
And not for whirling down the street  
On iron wheel.

Oh! not the cycle—for I swear  
That dainty form was never made  
To brave the bold and eye-glass'd stare,  
In bloomer costume undismayed,  
Upon bare steel.



Oh! not the cycle, whirling mad,  
The rude, rough rush of spinning  
frame,  
The manlike swagger, senseless, sad,  
That sits uneasy on each dame  
Who wheeling goes.

Oh! not the cycle, for I love  
To dream you still my queen divine.  
So insecure you loom above,  
I feel your fall—perhaps on spine,  
Perchance on nose.

Oh! not the cycle! In this age,  
Invention mad and lost to grace,  
Oh! still preserve your skin from scrage,  
Preserve untouched your lovely face  
And perfect form.

*New York Tribune.*



## MARY.

*Air—"John Anderson, my Jo."*

Mary bought a bike, when bikes  
Were novel here below,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
Upon that bike she'd go.  
She pedaled it to school one day—  
To teach it was her rule—  
And when the children saw that bike  
It crazy made the school.

And when from thence they hurried out,  
With all their parents dear,  
They begged and plead, until to each  
A bike there did appear.  
And now the school is closed, and on  
The town's macadamed pike  
With Mary all her retinue  
Do bike, and bike and bike.

*Boston Courier.*

## STRANGERS.

*Air—"My Love She's but a Lassie Yet."*

A moment ere the dance began  
A lady and a gentleman  
You introduced. Ah, by the way,  
They're waltzing now, who are they,  
pray?

"Don't know them, eh? That's puzzling,  
quite.

The gentleman is Mr. White,  
The lady is, upon my life,  
None other than his lawful wife.

"Funny, you say? Well, circumstance  
For meeting gives them little chance,  
For she's all day in cycle flight  
And he is at the club all night."

*Boston Courier.*



## SORDID SUGGESTIONS.

*Air—"Kathleen Mavourneen."*

"Who is he," he sighed, with an air  
misanthropic,

"That tries to restrain the ambitions  
which 'rise

'Mongst women who argue that serious  
topic,

The right to be voters, which freemen  
so prize?

Oh, why are these satires so cruel in-  
vented

To turn her attention which harmlessly  
strays;

To fret her when she might be blandly  
contented

With ballots instead of expensive bou-  
quets?

" 'Tis folly to sneer at the garb which  
    she chooses—  
    This mild bifurcation she wears on a  
    wheel.  
'Tis homely and harmless, and, if it  
    amuses,  
    There's naught to be gained by divert-  
    ing her zeal.  
Yet they thoughtlessly chide her innoc-  
    uous humors  
    In ponderous prose and in villainous  
    verse,  
When perhaps she'd be thoroughly happy  
    in bloomers  
    Instead of the sealskin which flattens  
    the purse."

*Washington Star.*



## THE COPPER AND THE SCORCHER.

*Air—"The Wearing of the Green."*

He was a mounted copper,  
    Upon an iron steed,  
And was laying for the scorcher,  
    Who rode at lawless speed;  
When whizzing 'round the corner,  
    At a breakneck, lightning pace,  
Appeared a reckless rider,  
    Whereupon the cop gave chase.  
  
"I say there!" cried the bluecoat,  
    As he humped himself about,  
"You're arrested for fast riding."  
    When the scorcher heard the shout  
He looked o'er his shoulder,  
    And he didn't do a thing  
But pedal all the harder  
    And make the welkin ring.

"I like that," said the "finest,"  
    As through the thoroughfare

He started for his victim;  
And the crowd that gathered there  
Cheered the racer, jeered the copper  
And wagered ten to one  
On the scorcher as he sped along  
On that exciting run.

In and out among the horses  
And wagons on the street  
They dodged about most artfully,  
Doing many a dangerous feat;  
But the bluecoat was outdistanced,  
He set too slow a pace,  
And his anger gave expression  
In the wrath upon his face.

At last grown weak and weary,  
The copper swore he'd shoot,  
And reached back for his pistol,  
But the crowd cried, "Don't, you  
brute!"  
But he aimed it at the scorcher,  
If he didn't, I'm a liar;  
"Bang!" and the scorcher tumbled,  
For the cop had pierced his tire.

*Washington Times.*



## A WAYSIDE ETCHING.

*Air—From "Norma."*

The autumn fruit is mellow,  
The wheeling is immense;  
The leaves are turning yellow,  
A cyclist on a fence;  
He looks around and views the ground,  
He sees the moment suits;  
He fills his sweater full and round,  
Then mounts his wheel and "scoots."

*17,729. in L. A. W. Bulletin.*

## HER RULING PASSION.

*Air—"We Wont Go Home Till Morning."*

She was dainty, she was pretty,  
Quite a number thought her witty,  
And she entertained expensively and  
charmingly, I'm told.  
Luncheons, teas and dinner-dances  
Incomplete were without Frances;  
Countless fellows made advances  
For her hand—likewise her gold.

But, alas! she took to wheeling,  
And it stirred up quite a feeling  
'Mongst her beaux, to whom of nothing  
save her bicycle she'd speak,  
She said, "I cannot stand 'em,  
Their dismissals I will hand 'em!"  
And she left home on a tandem  
With a clerk at ten per week.

*Brooklyn Life.*



## A GODDESS OF GIRLS.

*Air—"Afton Water."*

Brief-skirted and slender,  
She mounts for a ride;  
Six gallants attend her—  
Brief-skirted and slender,  
She claims the surrender  
Of all at her side.  
Brief-skirted and slender,  
She mounts for a ride.

Oh, radiant creature;  
She wheels and she whirls,  
Till no one can reach her—  
Oh, radiant creature,  
In figure and feature  
She's a goddess of girls—  
Oh, radiant creature,  
She wheels and she whirls.

There's no use denying  
She's captured my heart;  
There's no use denying  
She did it by trying  
The bicycle art.  
There's no use denying  
She's captured my heart.

I'll ask her to marry  
Without more ado;  
No longer I'll tarry—  
I'll ask her to marry  
And try in a hurry  
A wheel built for two—  
I'll ask her to marry  
Without more ado.

*Susie M. Best, in New Bohemian.*



### AFTER THE RACE.

*Air—"The Campbells are Coming."*

A bachelor went to the bicycle race,  
And to slumberland later proceeded.  
He'd been somewhat impressed by the  
"bicycle face,"

But that hadn't been all that he  
heeded.

In slumberland visions full many he saw,  
But the vision his dreams most com-  
manding

Was an army of damsels with hardly a  
flaw

In the grace of their young under-  
standing.

Here and there through his dreams flit-  
ted faces and forms

That were not of the gender that's  
gentle,

But they cut little ice and lacked wholly  
the spice

Of the others much more ornamental.

"Twas the latter which conjured before  
his closed eyes  
A vision all rainbow and clockings,  
And he murmured: "This certainly takes  
the first prize  
As a rare show of fine Christmas stockings."

*M., in New York World.*



### THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

*Air—"From Cove to Cork."*

"It is perfect," he cried,  
As he sat by the side  
Of his glittering 54;  
"In its simplest part  
I am certain that art  
And science can do no more!"

But the "Safety" came  
With its lowly frame,  
And he cried in his heartfelt joy:  
"No more we'll spill  
As we race down hill,  
You can't beat this, my boy."

Then, not too soon,  
Came the big balloon,  
And he felt his solid tyre;  
And he cried, "If this  
Isn't perfect bliss  
Just write me down a liar!"

But year follows year,  
And it doesn't appear  
That we're near perfection yet,  
And soon we shall meet  
A bicycle fleet  
With all their studding sails set.

*The Irish Cyclist.*

## THE CYCLE.

*Air—"The Watch on the Rhine."*

I fly from the heat of the noisy street  
To the shade of the country lane;  
I bear the clerk from his office dark  
To the sunny fields again.  
On me bestrid, the town-bred kid  
May hear the brooklet sing,  
And chase the wopse through the leafy  
copse  
Till he finds that the wopse can sting.

I silently glide to mark the tide  
Come in on Sandymount strand,  
And linger near to the Merrion Pier  
If there happens to be a band.  
In holiday time more frequently I'm  
En route for a longer run;  
Up slick and away for Killiney or Bray,  
And home with the setting sun.

My frame they rack on the racing track,  
And bend each slender spoke;  
But little they care how cycles fare  
If the record is only broke.  
Then, with tightened chain, I am at it  
again  
Till my rider has got too stale,  
Or I chance to collide, or I run too wide,  
And smash myself up on a rail.

I bring good health, and if not wealth,  
Still a saving in cab or car,  
And tram and train are ne'er needed  
again  
When you grasp my handlebar.  
On a drop of oil I merrily toll,  
And need no ostler's care,  
Though, of course, when I'm wrecked,  
you may always expect  
A pretty long bill for repair.



Of my advent I tell with the clanging  
bell—

I startle the slumbrous swine;  
The ducks stand aghast, and the hen  
flees past

From those glittering wheels of mine,  
Like lightning I dart by the polo cart

Which follows me with a will,  
But it's left far behind, except when I  
find

That the road is all uphill.

You can ride, you're aware, on my tires  
of air

With never a jolt nor jar;  
You can get up the steam and coast like  
a gleam

Of light from a falling star.  
From the town, with its grime, I fly to a  
clime

Where the beauties of nature are rife;  
I'm all you desire and all you require  
To make you contented with life.

*Irish Cyclist.*



### THE NEW WOMAN.

She never grows old, no, it isn't the  
mode,

She has pinned her faith to the "fresh  
air" code,

And joined the gay throng out on the  
road.

Her grandma wore cute, little lacy caps,  
Her grandma took daily, her little naps,  
But she takes the air in modern wraps.

Her grandma grew aged at forty or so;  
But stemming the tide of the long ago,  
Her locks show but faintest trace of  
snow.

Now she, when at sixty, her countenance  
bright,  
Her cheeks smooth and ruddy, her step  
soft and light,  
A woman of thirty in vigor and might.

When heavy her burdens and trials may  
feel,  
And she, for herself, some sweet solace  
would steal,  
She instinctively turns to her tried  
friend, the wheel.

When once in the saddle, out 'neath the  
blue sky,  
Like a bird on its pinions, she seemeth  
to fly,  
Her burdens are lifted, her spirits soar  
high.

She dwells not on mem'ries of joys that  
are flown,  
How fleeting they were to her has been  
shown—  
Now, dependent on none, she goes forth  
alone.

This, then, is the "up to date," "New Wo-  
man's" code,  
This Nineteenth Century's practical  
mode  
Of defying the years by "the fresh air  
code."

*Ida Trafford Bell. in Imperial Magazine.*



### BLOOMERS.

Some observing man discovered  
(How I've never thought to ask)  
That Kentucky maiden's bloomers  
Have a pocket for a flask;

That the cycling girl of Texas  
 As she rides is not afraid—  
 She provides a pistol pocket  
 When she has her bloomers made;  
 That the bloomer girl of Boston,  
 Always cool and wisely frowning,  
 Has a pocket in her bloomers,  
 Where she carries Robert Browning;  
 That the Daisy Bell of Kansas,  
 Who has donned the cycling breeches,  
 Has a pocket in her bloomers  
 Full of woman suffrage speeches;  
 That Chicago's wheeling woman,  
 When her cycle makes rotations,  
 Has a special bloomer pocket  
 Where she carries pork quotations;  
 That Milwaukee's cycling beauties,  
 As they pedal day by day,  
 Have a tiny secret pocket  
 Where a corkscrew's stored away;  
 That the Gotham bloomer damsel,  
 Whom Manhattan dudes admire,  
 Has a tutti-frutti pocket  
 Full of gum to mend her tire.

*Toledo Bee.*



### A-WHEELING.

*Air—"Farewell, but Whenever You Welcome the Hour."*

Have you never felt the fever of the  
 twirling, whirling wheel,  
 Of the guiding and resisting of the shin-  
 ing cranks of steel;  
 Never felt your senses reel  
 In the glamor and the gladness of the  
 misty morning sky,  
 As the white road rushes toward you,  
 as the dew-bathed banks slip by,  
 And the larks are soaring high?

Never known the boundless buoyance of  
the billowy, breezy hills,  
Of the pine scents all around you, and  
the running, rippling rills,  
Chasing memory of life's ills;  
Dashing, flashing through the sunshine,  
by the windy wold and plain,  
The distant blue heights luring, onward,  
upward, to the strain  
Of the whirling wheels' refrain?

Fled from prison, like a prisoner, sped  
the turning, spurning wheel,  
Changed the city's stir and struggling,  
jar and vexing, none can heal,  
For the peace the fields reveal,  
And with spirit separate, straining above  
the town's low reach,  
Found a tender satisfaction, which the  
steadfast summits teach?  
In their silence—fullest speech.

Never known the wistful, wand'ring  
back, in pleasurable pain?  
Met the kine from milking sauntering to  
pastures sweet again,  
Straggling up the wide-marged lane?  
You have never felt the gladness, nor  
the glory of the dream  
That exalts, as tired eyes linger still on  
sunset, mead and stream?  
Haste, then! Taste that bliss su-  
preme.

*London Sketch.*



## HOW A WOMAN SHOULD MOUNT.

*Air—"Mollie Bawn."*

To mount the wheel with perfect grace,  
First see the pedals are in place;  
The right the center half around,  
The left the nearest to the ground.

Draw back the wheel a little, thus,  
To give it proper impetus.  
Your hands upon the handle bar  
Should be as dainty touches are.  
Then press with right foot, till you see  
The inside pedal rising right  
Describes the circle, sinks from sight;  
But e'er it meets your foot once more  
You're mounted and the lesson's o'er.

*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*



### AFTER THE CONCUSSION.

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair.

What a sad slip of hers,  
How she was flying—  
'Twas a fast clip of hers—  
Low is she lying!  
Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Why she boycotted dresses  
And where is her home?

Who is her father?  
Who is her mother?  
Is this her only pair?  
Has she another?  
Or can it be that she's  
Slashed those below the knees  
Owned by her brother?

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly—  
Leave her wheel there.

How it is battered, and  
How it is spattered, and  
Covered with mud!  
When she struck that banana peel  
All in this block could feel  
The violent quaking  
And rocking and shaking,  
And hear the dull thud.

Take her up tenderly,  
Fashioned so slenderly—  
See, she's all right.  
But her bloomers don't cover her;  
Throw a sheet over her—  
Hide her from sight.

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully  
Limping away!  
When she descended  
Her scorching was ended  
For many a day.

*Cleveland Leader.*



### HIS SAGE SUCCESSOR.

*Att—"Raw Recruits," or "Abraham's Daughter."*

There was a man who bought a wheel,  
He bought it for his wife,  
And through the streets this man would  
reel

A-risking of his life:  
Just so his wife could learn to ride,  
With swift and agile bounds,  
He galloped onward by her side—  
She weighed two hundred pounds.  
Of course he couldn't keep the pace,  
And soon he traveled hence;  
His love a tandem now doth grace—  
Her second hub has sense!

*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

## THE SCORCHER.

I do not, in the crowded street  
Of cab and "bus" and mire,  
Nor in the country lane so sweet,  
Hope to escape thy tyre.

One boon, oh, Scorchers, I implore,  
With one petition kneel,  
At least abuse me not before  
Thou break me on thy wheel.

*Chps.*



## THE COMING WHEEL.

The strange, mysterious cycle which  
"They say" we're sure to see—  
The wonderous wheel that never is but  
Always is to be,—  
Is very slow in coming, but they tell us  
Every year  
To wait a little longer for they've got it  
—Pretty near.

They'll do away with friction, and the  
Gear will be so high,  
The merest pressure of the foot will  
Make it simply fly.  
And up the very steepest hill 'twill be a  
Joy to coast,—  
Don't buy until you see it, for they've  
Worked it out—almost.

The old time laws of power they have  
Simply set at naught,—  
They've found a brand new principle,  
Men never dreamed or thought;  
They've just a few small details yet  
They have to figure out,  
And then will ride the wonder, for  
They've got it—just about.

*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

## THE TURBAN A-WHEEL.

*Air—"Marsellaise."*

The Ameer of Afghanistan has become  
a victim of the cycling craze.—Daily  
paper.

Behold, behold,  
Ye Afghans bold,  
For the Ameer of Kabul,  
With his dark-skinned lass  
Through the Khyber Pass,  
Spins on from the cycle school!

He scorches afar  
Through Kandahar  
And templed Jelalabad,  
Where from Kafristan  
The Kataghan  
Stands aghast at his daring fad.

Then back they flee  
By old Ghasni,  
By many a Pathan pool,  
And he kisses the lass  
In the Khyber pass,  
'Ere they stop at old Kabul.

*New York Press.*



## TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Once on a time, in days gone by,  
When girls rode on their wheels,  
They used to wear their skirts so long,  
Down to their very heels.

But now they say that "times are  
changed,"

For every girl we meet  
Wears bloomers or has bikers on,  
And in them looks quite neat.

*Percy A. Atherton, in L. A. W. W. Bulletin.*



### A BENEDICTION.

God bless the wheel! the whirling wheel!  
That wakens the world's unmeasured  
zeal,

And makes a man of my torture feel  
Like praising the same alway,  
For it's taken the maid next door, who  
sought

To dally pound the piano-forte,  
To another brand of athletic sport  
That bears her miles away.

*Boston Courier.*



### YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the  
West,

Through all the wide border his wheel  
was the best,

And, save his new air-pump, he weapon  
had none—

He rode like the wind and he rode all  
alone.

When he humped up his back and bent  
over the bar

No other could scorch like the young  
Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped  
not for stone;

He rode on the sidewalks where cops  
there were none,

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate  
A dastard on foot hit him over the pate;

So, when he "came to" he went home  
in a car—

Thus endeth the story of young Lochin-  
var.

*Cleveland Leader.*

### MARIE'S FIRST RIDE.

How well do I recall  
Those pleasant nights in fall,  
When I was being taught  
To ride a wheel.  
A bicycle, it's true, is best  
When not in use,  
But standing up beside  
A good old tree.

If that bicycle could talk  
As fast as it could walk,  
'Tis hard to guess  
What stories it might tell;  
For I learned my lesson best  
While we sat down to rest  
And the bicycle leaned  
Against a good old tree.

*Marie, in Boston Globe.*



### TRANSFORMATION.

A woman she had always been  
To me,  
A fine, fair form of femin-  
ity.  
A woman such as any man  
Would own  
A type of that which Nature's plan  
Has grown.  
But now, in light of craze that reigns  
Supreme,  
In view of what Time's whim ordains  
A dream,  
This woman, so the facts to me  
Reveal.  
Turns out continuously to be  
A-wheel.

*Somerville Journal.*

## THE ALL-CONQUERING BIKE.

In the beginning,  
Ere the artificer  
Built him the wood thing  
Named the Celerifere,  
Baron von Dralse—  
Four years from Waterloo—  
Vengefully pondering,  
Impotent Gaul,  
As he heard how the thunder  
Of Wellington's soldiery,  
England's artillery,  
Wheeled through the world—  
Grinning, he scrawled  
In the dust with his walking stick  
A shape for a sign,  
Two circles; circumference  
Perfectly flawless,  
Joined and united them,  
One, indissoluble,  
(Wondrous intelligent!)  
That was the birth of me;  
I am the Bike.

High and round, rude and haughty,  
Big-wheeled, little saddled,  
I froze into steel;  
And he knew me and named me,  
Bone shaker, Velocipede,  
Father of Bicycles,  
Winger of woman,  
Banishing petticoats,  
Bringing the female  
(Long since irrational)  
Rational dress.  
Ho! then the polish  
And pride of my ministry.  
Ho! then, the gleam  
Of my glittering nickel-plate.  
Ho! then, the park,  
And the pleasaunce of Battersea.

Ho! then, the hose  
Of my deftly shod womankind.  
I, the ubiquitous  
Angel of Exercise,  
I am the Bike.

Mount, then, my children,  
Follow, O follow me,  
Forth through the daylight  
Into the shadowland.  
(Time to light up!)  
Rush by the omnibus,  
Halting not, tiring not,  
Pedaling evenly  
Over the stones.  
On, till the turbulent  
Traffic grows fainter,  
All of you, each of you.  
Clerk from the counting house,  
Peer from imperious  
Portals of Westminster,  
"Devils" from Fleet street,  
Maidens from Lockhart's,  
Costers from Whitechapel.  
Follow, O follow, then,  
Follow the Bike.

I am the coin maker.  
Hark, through the deathly  
Depression of Stock Exchange,  
Hark, how the companies  
Limitless, limited  
Under the Act,  
Spring into life  
At the touch of my wheel.  
See them capitalize  
Million on million,  
Gear case and Handle Bar,  
Wallet and Tyre;  
Everything patented,  
Everything profiting.  
Mark the advertisements—

Vast, multitudinous—  
All the world conquered,  
All things subservient,  
I alone triumphing,  
I the Victorious,  
I am the Bike.

*St. James Gazette.*



### THE SEVEN AGES OF BICYCLING.

All the world's a-wheel,  
And all the cyclers merely tired!  
They have their enmities as to a choice  
of bike  
And one man in his time has many  
falls—  
His acts being seven ages. At first the  
pollywog  
Wiggling and sprawling from his train-  
er's arms;  
Then the whining and discouraged tyro,  
creeping  
Tremulous and fearful unwilling from  
the adamant floor  
Back to the wheel; and then, all hopeful,  
talkative of when  
That blissful day shall come, and he  
with mistress ride  
A tandem to the happy courts of Love!  
Then a bikest in full measure, seeking  
the bubble Notoriety  
As a trick cycler; colliding with an  
alderman  
In huge proportions, beer and capon  
lined,  
With eyes severe, our cycler vanishes  
behind a prisoner's dock:  
The sixth age shifts, and into his lean  
and plaided pantaloons  
With fearsome mien and real faint-  
heartedness,

His little hoard well sav'd for purposes  
Known right well by his bike, which dis-  
arranged,  
And spokes uncombed awaits its mas-  
ter's ball!  
And his big, manly voice, turning to a  
childish treble, pipes  
"Ay, guilty, Honor!" winds whistling in  
his sound;  
Last scene of all, that ends a wheel-  
man's Chess and Checkered history  
Is cyclomania, oblivion to else  
Save gear, save spoke, save tire, save  
scorching!

*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*



### SONG OF THE CYCLE.

This is the toy, beyond Aladdin's dream-  
ing,  
The magic wheel upon whose hub is  
wound  
All roads, although they reach the  
world around,  
O'er western plains or orient deserts  
gleaming.  
This is the skein from which each day  
unravels  
Such new delights, such witching  
flights, such joys  
Of bounding blood, of glad escape from  
noise,  
Such ventures beggaring old Crusoe's  
travels.  
It is as if some mighty necromancer,  
At king's command, to please his lady's  
whim,  
Instilled such virtue in a rubber rim  
And brought it forth as his triumphant  
answer,

For wheresoe'er its shining spokes are  
fleeing  
Fair benefits spring upward from its  
tread,  
And eyes grow bright and cheeks all  
rosy red,  
Responsive to the heart's ecstatic beat-  
ing.

Thus youth and age, alike in healthful  
feeling,  
And man and maid who find their  
paths are one  
Crown this rare product of our cen-  
tury's "run"  
And sing the health, the joy, the grace  
of wheeling.

*Charles S. Crandall, in Youth's Companion.*



## LAMENT FROM THE CRADLE.

*Air—"Billy O'Rourke."*

Up from the cradle came a wail,  
At first a pensive coo;  
Into a weird, vociferous wail  
Of mournfulness it grew.  
His sorrow, in a vein prolix,  
He struggled to reveal,  
"My father's talking politics,  
And mother rides a wheel."  
  
"They say I'm cross. I'm simply sad  
At being slighted so.  
I wish the baby-carriage fad  
Could somehow get a show.  
How can you blame one in my fix  
For setting up a squeal?  
My father's talking politics,  
And mother rides a wheel."

*Washington Evening Star.*

## MARY'S RESCUE.

Mary's beau brought her a "bike,"  
Enamelled flashing red,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
"Just look at her," they said.

She rode it to the fields one day,  
Where roamed a surly cow,  
She screamed for aid, and the neighbors  
came,  
And picked her off a bough.

*New York Telegram.*



## IN PASTORAL ENGLAND.

One of our bishops makes complaint that  
cyclists will not go to church;  
They go for Sunday rides, he says, and  
leave their shepherds in the lurch;  
But if this truly be the case, and Sunday  
cycling is a passion,  
Why don't our clergymen attempt to cope  
with it in Yankee fashion?

For in America, it seems, when cyclers  
go for Sunday "spins,"  
An agile parson with them rides and  
when they halt his turn begins;  
For, as in sylvan shades they sit to rest,  
or, perhaps, a tire to mend,  
He gives them from some telling text the  
special sermon he has penn'd.

An excellent idea this! Why not in Eng-  
land, too, prepare  
A corps of zealous athlete priests ready  
to cycle anywhere?  
Why not equip a curate band to "wheel"  
away as Sunday dawns,  
And preach a fitting homily, between the  
sets on tennis lawns?



Nay, why should not some ardent soul,  
such as from peril never shrinks,  
Go forth and press the claims of truth  
on those who golf on famous links?  
Chiding the men who boast that they  
have been right round in seventy-  
eight,  
And bidding them a warning take from  
Ananias' sad fate!

Then might our clergy find again the  
straying sheep they'd lost so long,  
And strengthen others' morals whilst  
they make their own weak muscles  
strong;  
And bishops would not have to mourn  
each time the bells rang in the  
steeple,  
That people did not seek the church—  
for then the church would seek the  
people!

*Exchange.*



### **I SHOT AN ARROW INTO THE AIR.**

Young Tommy bought a bow and arrow  
Wherewith to kill the wily sparrow—

A bird in every sense too fly  
At Tommy's unskilled hand to die.

Young Tommy shoots in vain all day.  
At last he tries another way;

He shuts his eye and points above;  
And, lo! he spits a little dove!

Fair Laura on her bike so fleet,  
Was hoping that her Charles she'd meet,

When suddenly the dove fell flat  
(Without her knowledge) on her hat.

Her best young man was walking by,  
And chanced the incident to spy;  
"You wear a bird upon your head?"  
"You're surely joking, Charles?" she  
said.

*St. Paul's.*



### AH, WOEFUL CHANGE.

My love was much fairer than dream  
girls

The greatest of artists ere drew;  
Each cheek like a rosebud reclining  
On billows of pearl-tinted dew.  
Her eyes, like twin stars in the azure,  
Gleamed bright 'neath her rippling  
hair—

Ah, never was picture so dainty,  
None ever so sweet and fair.

But alas for those pearl-tinted cheeklets,  
Alas for those blue eyes, alack!  
Alas for that smile like an angel's,  
Alas for that hump on her back!  
My love once as fair as the springtime  
Has vanished, and there in her place  
Is a "scorcher," decked out in loud  
bloomers,  
And wearing a bicycle face.

*Geo. V. Hobart, in Nebraska State Journal.*



### ANOTHER TRADE.

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands.  
The smith a lonely man is he,  
With large but useless hands.  
His trade was good in former years  
At shoeing horses' heels.  
He has not learned, it now appears,  
To mend the broken wheels.

*Detroit News.*

## SAVED.

*Air—"Dan Tucker."*

A bloomer girl  
Just left her wheel;  
A lurking piece  
Of orange peel.

A careless step,  
A sudden slip,  
A scream, a fall,  
A fatal rip.

A man at hand  
With mackintosh,  
A garment just  
The thing, begosh!

The bloomer girl  
Raised from the ground,  
The garment wrapped  
Her form around.

A store at hand;  
The maid has gone;  
All's over and  
The band plays on.

*Chicago Times Herald.*



## COMPENSATION.

When I go a-wheeling with Polly  
I can't go as fast as I'd like;  
For, though she is clever and jolly  
She's only just learning to bike.

So we spin along at our leisure;  
I let others fly by, and I smile—  
For when I am riding for pleasure,  
A miss is as good as a mile.

*Judge.*

## A WORD OF FEAR.

There is a word so "beastly bad"  
(To use an English phrase)  
It often drives some people mad,  
And darkens all their days.

The word is hideous, coarse and mean;  
It makes me fairly roar;  
I wish it never might be seen,  
Or heard of any more.

I wish the man who used it first,  
The "father" of that word,  
Had swollen up and dried and burst—  
Before 'twas ever heard.

And if he still remains alive,  
Engaged in earthly strife,  
To find and catch him let us strive,  
And shut him up for life.

'Tis wrong to call the thing a word;  
Its very looks will show  
That it is awkward and absurd,  
And vulgar, vile and low.

It has no derivation, kind  
Or class; all that is plain.  
Merely to call the thing to mind  
Gives decent men much pain.

The noises made in filing saws,  
By creaking chains and wheels,  
Are music to this word, because,  
A fellow always feels

That sometime they will have to cease—  
Prolong them as you like;  
But, oh! what angel will release  
Our eyes and ears from—"BIKE."

*Chicago Observer.*

## A GREAT CHANGE.

I used to know a quiet lane  
Where lovers oft would stray,  
And whisper tender vows of love  
When twilight closed the day.

No more this shady, cool retreat  
Is sought by couples shy,  
Since every novice in the town  
Goes there his wheel to try.

*N. F. Milburn, in Sun.*



## A CATECHISM.

What bend's men's figure to an S?  
The Bicycle.

While ladies ride with gracefulness?  
The Bicycle.

And what makes Daphne with alarm,  
From sudden spill foreboding harm,  
Yield her slim waist to Damon's arm?  
The Bicycle.

What makes Amanda save and scrape?  
The Bicycle.

Till she can buy the latest shape  
Of bicycle.

What makes a joint last days on days,  
Turned and returned in sundry ways  
Of hash, rissoles, and rechauffes?  
The Bicycle.

What plays the deuce with Yankee  
trade?

The Bicycle.

What's now the only "notion" made?  
The Bicycle.

What makes the carriage builder slack,  
What cheapens cob and nag and hack,  
While the financiers boom and crack?  
The Bicycle.

What turns the scholar to a dunce?

The Bicycle.

He rides (he used to study once)

The Bicycle.

Why are neurotic novels shut,

And minor poets all uncut,

And everything neglected—but

The Bicycle.

*St. James Gazette.*



### IN THESE BICYCLE DAYS.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,

He stole a wheel, and away he run;

But a copper fleet

Young Tom could beat,

And they locked him up in Harrison  
street.

---

Jack Spratt's

Trousers would flap.

His wife, she made her's tight,

And so between the two, you see,

They kept the average right.

---

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,

Had a wife and couldn't keep her,

Took an axe and smashed her bike,

So she had to stay at home at night.

---

Hey-diddle-diddle,

The bicycle riddle.

The strangest part of the deal;

Just keep your accounts,

And add the amounts;

The "sundries" cost more than the  
wheel.

---

There was a man in our town

As wise as were our sires;

He ran across a piece of glass,

And punctured both his tires;  
And when he saw the air was out,  
With all his might and main,  
He took his little nickel pump,  
And pushed it in again.

---

Little Tommy Titmouse  
Worked for a cycling house,  
Went to his meals  
On other men's wheels.

---

Ding-dong bell,  
There's the man who fell,  
Who knocked him down?  
The meanest man in town.  
Who called the "cop?"  
A man who saw him drop.  
What a wicked man was that,  
To try to kill the cyclist fat,  
Who never did him any wrong,  
But kept a-pedaling right along.

*Chicago Tribune.*



### MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,  
Mounted her wheel and rode away.

Beneath her blue cap glowed a wealth  
Of large red freckles and first-rate  
health.

Singing, she rode, and her merry glee  
Frightened the sparrow from his tree.

But when she was several miles from  
town,  
Upon the hill-slope, coasting down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a sort of terror filled her breast—

A fear that she hardly dared to own,  
For what if her wheel should strike a  
stone!

The Judge scorched swiftly down the  
road—  
Just then she heard his tire explode!

He carried his wheel into the shade  
Of the apple trees, to await the maid.

And he asked her if she would kindly  
loan  
Her pump to him, as he'd lost his own.

She left her wheel with a sprightly jump,  
And in less than a jiffy produced her  
pump.

And she blushed as she gave it, looking  
down  
At her feet, once hid by a trailing gown.

Then said the Judge, as he pumped away,  
"'Tis very fine weather we're having  
to-day."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and  
trees;  
Of twenty-mile runs and centuries;

And Maud forgot that no trailing gown  
Was over her bloomers hanging down.

But the tire was fixed, alack-a-day!  
The Judge remounted and rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed, "Ah me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"My father should have a brand new  
wheel  
Of the costliest make and the finest steel.



"And I'd give one to ma of the same  
design,  
So that she'd cease to borrow mine."

The Judge looked back, as he climbed  
the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A prettier face and a form more fair  
I've seldom gazed at, I declare!

"Would she were mine, and I to-day  
Could make her put those bloomers  
away!"

But he thought of his sisters, proud and  
cold,  
And shuddered to think how they would  
scold

If he should, one of these afternoons,  
Come home with a bride in pantaloons!

He married a wife of richest dower,  
Who had never succumbed to the bloom-  
ers' power;

Yet, oft while watching the smoke  
wreaths curl,  
He thought of that freckled bloomer  
girl;

Of the way she stood there, pigeon-toed,  
While he was pumping beside the road.

She married a man who clerked in a  
store,  
And many children played round her  
door.

And then her bloomers brought her joy!  
She cut them down for her oldest boy.

But still of the Judge she often thought,  
And sighed o'er the loss that her bloom-  
ers wrought,

Or wondered if wearing them was a sin,  
And then confessed: "It might have  
been."

Alas for the Judge! Alas for maid!  
Dreams were their only stock in trade.

For of all wise words of tongue or pen,  
The wisest are these: "Leave pants for  
men!"

Ah, well! For us all hope still remains—  
For the bloomer girl and the man of  
brains,

And, in the hereafter, bloomers may  
Be not allowed to block the way!

*Buffalo Commercial.*



### THE MASCULINE WISH.

O for some other land than this, in any  
sort of zone,  
Where females still are females, where  
new women are unknown!  
Where the eternal fitness of all things  
there's naught to jar!  
Where women wear no clothes of men,  
their forms divine to mar!  
Where clinging robes are still the style,  
as in the long ago,  
"Till bicycles brought pantaloons and  
plunged us into woe!  
May some new Moses lead us soon to  
that thrice-blessed shore,  
Where the bloomers cease from bloom-  
ing and the panties pant no more!

*Chas. J. Colton, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

### ONCE UPON A TIME.

There once was a time when a fellow  
could take

His girl out alone on a tandem,  
And know he could easily come to a spot  
For a spoon that was quiet—at ran-  
dom.

But now things have changed, the lover  
who's wise,

No more in the country will roam,  
While brothers and sisters all cycling  
have gone,

He sticks to the sofa at home.

*Bicycling News.*



### IN ALL SEASONS.

Go riding in the springtime,

Go riding in the summer,

When the heat is up to 99,

And you think you are a hummer.

Go riding in the winter,

Go riding in the fall,

And that, my friends, you'll surely find,

The grandest time of all.

*New York Telegram.*



### TO A CYCLER.

High rolling cyclist! pilgrim of the land,

Thou dost despise the earth where  
cares abound,

And lov'st thy wheel, whose well-filled  
rubber band

With sudden puncture, casts thee to  
the ground,

That cold, hard ground, where safeties  
drop at will

The fool who tries to coast on them  
down hill.

To thy pneumatic saddle, not beyond,  
Mount, daring rider! Thy most ardent  
strain  
In praise of safeties, a ne'er failing  
bond,  
Is still 'twixt thee and that long list  
of slain,  
Who, though they sprinkle all the earth  
with gore,  
The praises of the wheel sing ever-  
more.

Leave to the nightingale the shady  
woods,  
A blaze of glorious open road is thine.  
And if thou hast a score of bruises,  
floods  
Of misery and curses not divine,  
Thou art a type of those most wise, who  
roam  
Far from the kindred points of heaven  
and home!

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A bicycle pass by.  
So was it not when I began,  
So is it not with every man  
Who ofttimes in the dust has rolled  
Without a cry.  
I ride my wheel where'er I can,  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by wheeling merrily.

*Mary F. Nixon. in New York Sun.*



## **PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.**

*Air—' Beautiful Isle of the Sea.'*

She was tall and fair and twenty,  
Her papa had rocks in plenty,  
And she dreamed this little universe  
Was hers by right of birth.

She was saucy to her mother,  
Domineered her elder brother,  
And her bearing indicated  
That she thought she owned the earth.

But she found herself mistaken,  
And her faith was rudely shaken  
When she tried to ride her wheel across  
A little streak of mud.

And the way that wheel impacted her,  
And the ground rose up and smacked her,  
Was a caution to this Boston maid,  
Who boasted Pilgrim blood.

*Somerville Journal.*



### VAIN HER WISH.

*Air—"My Boat is on the Shore."*

Oh, for a day at the ocean's shore,  
Or a day at the mountains high,  
Away from the heat of the city street  
In the fierce month of July!

So the maiden said; but—alackaday  
For the many things we like!  
It takes every cent that she earns to pay  
The installments on her bike.

*Boston Courier.*



### THE GIRL FOR HIM.

He doesn't care for the biking girl  
Who shows her shapely limbs,  
Nor for the one in the wavelet's whirl  
Who screams and dives and swims.

But the pretty girl is his delight,  
Who sits upon the sand,  
And screens him with her sunshade  
bright  
And lets him squeeze her hand.

*Boston Courier.*

## A BICYCLE MISADVENTURE.

A week had sped since we had seen her  
Most winsome in her gay demeanor  
Above a heart's impatient flutter  
Some bit of jocund news to utter;  
"I've teased and teased till ma, de-  
mented,  
Has to a wheel at last consented,  
Since nothing else would keep me quiet;  
And when it's dusk I'm going to try it.  
With Jack to aid me—for he's told me  
With needless fervor he can hold me;  
And when o'er asphalt or o'er cobbles  
The wheel no longer tilts or wobbles  
And I can ride in a sedate way  
Behold me halting at your gateway!"

And off Lou ran with pretty merriment  
In forecast of her new experiment.  
A week ensued—who is this being  
The dusk forbids us clearly seeing?  
She falters, and ah, from her step it  
Would seem that she is quite decrepit;  
Nay, more; across her face a plaster  
Denotes that she has borne disaster,  
Poor thing—and as she pushes open  
The gate and slowly seeks to grope in,  
We ask in tones of real urbanity:—  
"What do you wish?" "Oh, some profan-  
ity,  
A bath, a wardrobe and an ocean  
Or two of any sort of lotion!"  
"Why, Lou, what ails you?" "I'm a  
jumble

Of smash and sewage—had a tumble  
From the vile wheel and with a thud  
Just at a place whose name is Mud;  
Perhaps, in time the cobbles soften  
If scorchers ride above them often;  
I set my face against them all  
But not as when I had my fall,

And then upon the plaster lingers  
The touch of her uplifted fingers;  
"It's really something like a drawback  
To have bruised features and a raw  
back;  
No wretched wheel for me hereafter  
And if Jack dares to crow with laughter  
Because to-night I went with him  
I'll reason have enough to doubt him  
And bid him go and marry any  
New girl who can be such a zany.  
In one short week how old I've grown  
In every sinew, nerve and bone;  
I want a cap with heavy ruffles  
And wrinkles, spectacles and snuffles.  
And now I limp off home a cripple."  
And as she went, the old laugh's ripple  
Upon the night gave welcome token  
Of spirits, years and bones unbroken.

*Helen Pitkin, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.*



### MARY'S DRESS.

When Mary rides a bicycle,  
She wears a natty suit,  
With leggings trim and saucy cap,  
And oh she is a "beaut!"  
She doesn't wobble on her wheel,  
But sits up straight and fair,  
And, seeing her, the men all stop  
To watch her everywhere.

When Harry rides a bicycle,  
He straps his trousers tight  
Around his ankles in a bunch,  
And oh they are a sight!  
He humps his back like an old cat,  
In most ungraceful crooks,  
And every one who sees him says,  
"How bad that fellow looks!"

The moral of this bit of verse  
Is plain enough, I guess;  
It is that bicyclists should be  
Most careful how they dress.  
A wheel makes one conspicuous,  
And one brought in the sight  
Of thousands of his fellow men  
Should try to dress just right.

*Somerville Journal.*



### LOVE'S TRANSFORMATION.

*Air—"Life Let Us Cherish."*

No more unto the myths of old  
Sweet Love delighted clings,  
For Love rides on a bicycle,  
And Love has lost his wings.

No more the romance of the past  
A pleasing thrill imparts,  
For Love upon a bicycle  
Now chases human hearts!

Alas! the happy, happy days!  
But—cool my burning brow;  
For Love wheels down the dusty ways,  
And Love's a scorcher now!

*Atlanta Constitution.*



### ONE OF MANY.

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair!  
One more unforch-  
Unate—pardon our weep—  
Trying to scorch  
And she's all in a heap.

*L. A. W. Bulletin.*



### THE SCORCHER'S SOLILOQUY.

I am monarch of all I survey;  
My right there is none to dispute.  
When folks hear me rushing on they  
Are pretty dead certain to scoot.

Oh, golly, how great are the charms  
That I know when I set a swift pace!  
And how I enjoy breaking arms,  
And, now and then, spoiling a face.

*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



### THE BELLS.

Hear the cycles with the bells—  
Warning bells!  
What a world of worriment  
Their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
Everywhere by day and night,  
While the paths they oversprinkle  
And the cops' eyes seem to twinkle  
With a devilish delight!  
What a fuss, fuss, fuss,  
How the nervous people cuss  
At the tintinnabulation that forever  
Swells and swells,  
From the jangling of those warning  
'cycle bells!

Hear the loud alarm bells—  
'Cycle bells!  
What a tale of terror  
Their loud rumble jumble tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright;  
Men too horrified to speak,  
Sit down in the mud and shriek,  
For the ear don't fully know  
By the twanging  
And the clanging

Where great dangers ebb and flow;  
Yet distinctly something tells  
In the jangling  
And the wrangling  
That there's danger near those bells,  
That there's trouble near those bells,  
Near those clamoring, clanging, clash-  
ing 'cycle bells!

Hear those buzzing 'cycle bells—  
Dreadful bells!  
What a state of misery  
Their ding-a-ling foretells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
Women run from them in fright,  
Scared to death!  
Men who want to get the breeze  
Run and hide behind the trees  
Out of breath!  
Oh! from out those awful bells  
What a gush of lunacy voluminously  
Swells.  
With the nervous! Hear their yells!  
For their frightened mind rebels  
At the jingle, jingle, jingle  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the herky, jerky, jingling 'cycle bells!  
*New York Journal.*



### AN ASPIRATION.

She brings my heart to my mouth, I  
wean,  
And all my attention wins,  
The sweet and beautiful bicyclic  
As along the road she spins.  
As she takes the lead of the trolley car,  
With a spurt that shows her sand;  
How I wish that I were the handle bar  
That she grasps with her lily hand!  
*Boston Courier.*

## A SIGHT.

I saw a girl  
Amid the whirl,  
She'd golden hair,  
Her face was fair,  
Her garments fine,  
Her form divine,  
With eyes like stars.

She rode a bike  
And such a sight!  
She drove her steed  
At scorchers' speed,  
Her back was humped,  
Her head near bumped  
The handle bars.

*Buffalo Courier.*



## BIKE, BIKE, BIKE.

Bike, bike, bike,  
On the cold gray stones O wheel!  
And I would that my lips could mutter  
The cuss words that I feel.

Oh, well for the messenger boy  
That he scorches so boldly away!  
Oh, well for the Bowery belle  
That she rides in her bloomers so gay!

And the cycling steeds go on  
To the road house under the hill—  
But alas! for me, with my punctured  
tire,  
I fear I never will.

Bike, bike, bike,  
To the best of thy speed, O wheel!  
We are fully fifteen miles away  
From a bed and a good square meal.  
*Grace F. Reed, in New York Advertiser.*

### A MORNING SPIN.

Again I mount to whirl along  
The singing breeze,  
(The world hath not another song  
So like to please!)  
By hedges green, through leafy wood,  
O'er meadow wide,  
A joy-compelling Robin Hood,  
I noiseless glide.  
Yon swallow sailing through the sky  
Hath greater need  
Of man's companionship than I  
Upon this steed.

What fragrant odors where I run,  
And merry chimes,  
And songs (O, sweet unworded one  
Of mellow rhymes!)  
Embow'ring trees, the waving corn,  
Gay winding brook,  
And dew-drops flashing to the morn  
Where e'er I look,  
Yon swallow sailing through the sky  
Hath greater need  
Of man's companionship than I  
Upon this steed.

O wond'rous offspring of the mind,  
Thou art a precious prize!  
Thou bear'st me swifter than the wind  
Beneath the smiling skies.  
Half drunken with the joy I feel,  
Sweet Zephyr-fanned,  
A conqueror of time I reel  
Through fairy land.  
Yon swallow sailing through the sky  
Hath greater need  
Of man's companionship than I  
Upon this steed.

*Charles Eugene Banks, in Chicago Observer.*

## LAWS OF THE WHEELMEN.

Oh, these are the Laws of the Wheelmen,

And many and mighty are they;  
But the saddle and frame of the Law,  
And the pedals and wheels—is "Obey!"

When approaching a man coming toward you,

Turn right, without fall, without flaw,  
But if from behind you o'ertake him,  
Then pass to the left is the Law.

Be courteous to friend, foe and stranger;  
"Let your tools be as theirs," reads  
the Code;

Be ready to offer assistance,  
The Golden Rule holds on the road.

If you meet men on foot at a crossing,  
Ring once if you wish to pass front;  
But if you glide softly behind them,  
Though you're itching to ring it—yet  
don't.

('Tis needless, and causes ill-temper).  
Be thoughtful of people around.  
Nor lead them to think you are ringing  
Because you are pleased with the  
sound.

Ride slowly within city limits;  
Have your wheel ever under command.  
Dismount when a horse becomes frightened;  
If a driver be scared lend a hand.

Light lamps when the statutes provide  
it;  
Keep well in the law—nor do less  
If the law be unjust, but remember  
The ballot will give you redress.

Be temperate in all things, and modest;  
Don't scorch nor curl up like a "monk."  
And never drink deep when you're riding,  
And seven times never get drunk.

Sit fairly erect in the saddle;  
Whether seen or unseen, be a man,  
And never ride hills just to show off,  
Nor ride quite as far as you can.

Then ride for the pleasure of riding,  
For the blessing of health, and give heed

To the beauty of nature about you;  
But ride not for mileage nor speed.

*F. J. Macbeth, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



## HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS.

I sprang to the seat with a dexterous bound,  
And I put down my foot as the pedal came round.  
"Good-by," cried our hostess; "Good-by,"  
cried the wits,  
"We will follow to-morrow to pick up the bits."  
The door closed behind us; the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we wobbled abreast.

Then we raced down the road at the fiercest of rates,  
And the cows came to peer at us over the gates;  
Up hill and down dale; on the slope, on the flat,  
My brave little bicycle flew like a bat,

And I would have stroked and caressed  
it, you know,  
Like the man in the poem, but I dare  
not let go.

The gleam of our lamps danced about  
on the way,  
And their fragrance uprose with the  
scent of the hay;  
And the rustic historian with trembling  
tells  
How he listened that night to the ting  
of our bells,  
While the moon hanging over the pop-  
lar trees shone  
With a critical gaze at us wobbling on.  
But a dismal adventure remains to be  
said,  
For I rashly attempted to turn round  
my head;  
And my bicycle, wroth at such empty  
pretense,  
Bore me in an instant full tilt at the  
fence.  
They gathered us up; I was sound and  
entire,  
But my gallant pneumatic had punctured  
a tire.

Then the people to whom the good news  
had been brought,  
When we came to the place gathered  
round as they ought;  
And they fetched a solution of rubber  
beside,  
With a patent hand pump, which they  
vigorously plied.  
For the burgesses said they could scarce-  
ly refuse  
To pump up the machine that had  
brought the good news.

*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### TO MY CYCLE.

Dear other self, so silent, swift and  
sure,  
My dumb companion of delightful days,  
Mighty fairy fingers from thy orbit rays  
Of steel strike music, as the gods of  
yore  
From reed or shell, what melodies  
would pour  
On my glad ears; what songs of wood-  
land ways,  
Of summer's wealth of corn, or the  
sweet lays  
Of April's budding green; while ever-  
more  
We twain, one living thing, flash like  
the light  
Down the long tracks that stretch from  
sky to sky.  
Thou hast thy music, too, what time  
the noon  
Beats sultry on broad roads; when, gath-  
ering night,  
We drink the keen-edged air; or, dark-  
ling, fly  
'Twixt hedgerows blackened by a mys-  
tic moon.

*Adriel Vere, in The Spectator.*



### MARY.

Mary had a little bike,  
On it she went a-riding,  
She met a brick, which swiftly sent  
Her on the road a-sliding.  
  
A youth, it chanced, was passing by,  
He saw her plight, and tarried,  
He helped to set her right end up,  
Now little Mary's married.

*New York Commercial Advertiser.*



### TO THE O'ER-BENT CYCLIST.

Oh, youth, who bending forward, rides  
apace,  
With melancholy stamped upon your  
face,  
Pursuing pleasure with a frenzied eye,  
Yet mocked by her, however fast you fly,  
Are you aware how horrible you look?  
No guy invented for a picture-book  
Was ever a more painful sight than  
thou,  
Lord of the bent back and the anxious  
brow.

Oh, sit up straight and try to wear a  
smile!  
Be less intent to pile up mile on mile,  
Enjoy the prospect as you glide along,  
The trees, the sunshine, and the robin's  
song.  
To us who view you scorching day by  
day,  
Bent on your bar in such an awkward  
way,  
You are the homeliest thing on earth,  
my lad,  
Oh, sit up straight, and make the land-  
scape glad!

*Robert Grant, in Harper's Weekly.*



### LATEST PUZZLE.

A biker asked a farmer,  
"Has a lady wheeled this way?"  
And the farmer told the biker,  
"It's mighty hard to say,  
From the costumes they are wearing,  
From the mountains to the sea,  
If the biker is a she one,  
Or a biker is a he!"

*The Roseleaf.*

## THE FEMALE SCORCHER.

I'm a dashing modern woman  
On a wheel,  
You have seen the imitation;  
I'm the real.  
I can wear the knickerbockers,  
Pressed in patent safety lockers,  
Shirts and shoes and dashing cady—  
Made for gent and worn by lady  
A good deal.

I can talk the sprocket lingo  
Late and early;  
Chew the gum and swear "By Jingo!"  
Hair is curly.  
Eyes are blue and big and dreamy;  
Hate the side of life called seamy,  
Love ice cream and matinees,  
Love a man that bets—and plays—  
When I'm surely.

Girls are good enough, I reckon,  
In a pinch;  
But the boys are better fellows—  
That's a cinch.  
I can ride a hundred miles,  
Climb the fences, jump the stiles,  
Mend my tires, file the cogs,  
And I fly from barking dogs  
Not an inch.

Mother runs a clothing business  
Down town;  
Father cooks and bakes the biscuits,  
Bakes 'em brown.  
Brother knows the fancy stitches,  
Plays at tennis, sighs for riches;  
But I mount my wheel and skurry  
Through the gaslit parks and hurry—  
Sans a gown.

Wish I had a beau to pace me  
Now and then;  
But I'm getting too rapid  
For the men.  
They all nod and toss me kisses;  
Swear I'm speediest of misses;  
Marry girls with great, long skirts,  
Go to church on Sunday morning,  
Dizzy whirl of cycles scorning—  
Now and then  
Darn the men!

*Chicago Evening Post.*



### THE SCORCHER.

The scorcher tore full furiously  
Along the busy street,  
Unmindful of the obstacles  
That he perchance might meet.  
He scorned to heed the warning cries,  
That record-breaking chump!  
And he ran plump on a coal cart—  
Now his wheel is on the dump.

*Philadelphia North American.*



### READY FOR BUSINESS.

Put away my bike and bloomers,  
For the snow's begun to fall.  
How I'd like to find a climate  
Where it never snowed at all;  
Where 'twas always spring or summer,  
And the roads were smooth and dry,  
And the fellows were as thick as  
Johnny-jump-ups in July.  
Still, I must not sit repining,  
Though I've donned a longer skirt,  
I have not as yet forgotten  
By a long shot how to flirt.

*Cleveland Leader.*

## A PRISMATIC ANGEL.

*Air—"The Rose Tree."*

With lips so red  
That cherries are pink  
And eyes as blue  
As indigo ink,  
With blushing cheeks  
Like an autumn rose,  
And silken hair  
As gold that glows,  
My bicycle girl skims down the street;  
Her tiny feet play hide and seek.  
In vain I try,  
From me she'll fly.  
For sad to say  
With her 'tis play  
To ride in 2.10  
And do it again,  
For my bicycle girl's a scorcher.

*New York Evening Telegram.*



## THE QUEEN OF THE WHEEL.

The queens of fashion and of love  
Of all the varied climes,  
From glorious Eighteen Ninety-six  
Back to remotest times,  
Had each her own peculiar fad  
In vehicles of speed;  
But Lady Alice on her "bike"  
Is far, far in the lead.

The maids of ancient Athens drove  
A golden two-wheeled cart;  
The Roman had her chariot—  
A thing of wondrous art.  
The Persian girl her camel rides,  
The Chinese lass a chair;  
But gentle Alice on her wheel  
Is fairest of the fair.

The courtly dames of old Versailles  
Sedan chairs rode, you know;  
The Russian has her drosky, and  
Her sledge, the Esquimaux.  
The Irish lass, a Jaunting car;  
A coach for London swells;  
But lovely Alice on her wheel  
Is fleetest of the belles.

Yes, Lady Alice leaves them all  
Behind her in the race;  
With flashing eyes and rosy cheek  
She sets old Time a pace.  
Ah, what are all these turnouts, pray,  
Of poverty and state,  
Compared with queenly Alice on  
A "bike" right up to date?

*Nuggets.*



### FAMILY SKELETON.

She used to darn the baby's hose,  
" " " " my own at call;  
" " " " yours truly, too,  
But now she doesn't darn at all.  
She wheels by night, also by day;  
" " " hours and hours; yet  
" hasn't learned the proper way  
To lift her bloomers out the wet.

*Judge.*



### THE BEAUTIFUL SCORCHER.

She rode along the road  
In a costume a la mode,  
And threw a gleam of sunshine on the  
pike,  
As she gripped the handle bar,  
And she beat the trolley car,  
And her golden hair was hanging down  
her bike.

*Boston Courier.*

### **A PARODY FOR THE PRESENT.**

What though a lassie don the breek,  
Wi' bloomers braw and a' that ?  
We bend in adoration meek  
And are slaves, for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
The wheel bestrid and a' that;  
Blythe Cupid's eyes heed no disguise,  
She shall be wooed, for a' that.

The world may tremble at her call,  
Wi' bonnet doffed and a' that;  
Her voice may fill the council hall,  
She bides a lass for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
Our duds usurped and a' that,  
The one who warks to pay the gowd,  
He is the man, for a' that.

*Washington Star.*



### **KING TOMMY'S RISE AND FALL.**

Tommy was ruled by his father and  
mother,  
Tommy was bossed by his older brother.

Tommy was tyrannized over each hour  
By the very small maid with the face  
of a flower,

But one day Tommy was given a wheel  
And he felt like a king on a throne of  
steel.

Now a sudden rise from a serf to a king  
Has always proven a dangerous thing.

The people who come into power too  
quick  
Go up like a rocket and down like a  
stick.

King Tom, before the first day was done,  
Was Emperor, Sultan, and Czar in one.

He owned the pavement, he owned the  
street,  
He ran the officers off their beat,

He frightened the coachmen out of their  
wits  
As he scorched right under their horses'  
bits.

Pedestrians fled when they saw him ap-  
proach,  
He caused disaster to carriage and coach;

For he never turned out and his pace  
never slowed;  
His bell was a signal to clear the road;

And I would not repeat, indeed, not I,  
What the truckmen said when his bike  
went by.

King Tom only winked in their eyes with  
a grin,  
Proud of his power to make them sin.

And bolder and bolder each day he grew,  
And faster and faster his bicycle flew;

And he was certain he owned the earth  
And all that was on it from girth to  
girth.

And he always got off without hurt or  
scratch,  
Till all of a sudden he met his match.

Reigning one time in his usual splendor,  
He came face to face with a Cable's  
fender.

He rang his bell for the right of way,  
But a biker may ring till his hair turns  
gray,

And a Cable Car or its Cousin Trolley  
Will pay no heed to that sort of folly.

All that King Tom recalls of that day  
Was riding into the milky way,

Where he saw all the stars in the hea-  
vens. Well,  
There isn't much more of his reign to  
tell.

He gave his wheel to his brother Bill  
And walks on two crutches and always  
will.

And he says as he looks at his wooden  
leg,  
"I went up like a rocket and down like  
a peg."

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in The Sun.*



### THE WINTER CYCLIST.

A wintry chill is in the atmosphere,  
As from the heaving lake the storm  
wind blows;  
And weak-kneed brethren of the cycle  
fear

That brings the riding season to a  
close.

Jack Frost assails us with his wicked  
thrusts;

Our polka-dotted mufflers are on guard;  
And many a good wheel in the basement  
rusts

Which should be speeding down the  
boulevard.



And shall we join the patient, suffering  
throng,  
Which crowds the rumbling street cars  
to the door?  
Which kicks against the service loud and  
long,  
But keeps on riding as it did before?  
Nay! Perish such a thought. On every  
street  
The hardy wheelman has the right of  
way;  
No ancient female comes to claim his  
seat;  
No cable breaks, no lumbering teams  
delay.

Our hearts beat high, our life-blood  
dancing flows,  
Though ice-flakes sparkle in the biting  
air;  
While street-car heaters, every patron  
knows,  
Are but a vain delusion and a snare.  
The steed that bore us through the  
woods aglow  
With sunshine, where the morning  
glories creep,  
Will bear us safely through the mud-  
streaked snow  
Until it lies at least five inches deep.

*Peter Grant, in Chicago Record.*



## **AHEAD OF THE NORTHERN WIND.**

No cellarage grim for the wheel that  
I own;  
No butterfly ways for me;  
No chair by the stove when King Frost  
from his throne  
Has whitened hill, moor and lea;

There's life in the grip of the winter  
king's hand,  
A tonic for heart and mind.  
Have ye tasted a spin o'er the snow-  
girt land,  
Ahead of the Northern wind?

When the sun creeps ruddily over the  
show  
Of glittering, glistening white,  
Coroneting the great trees' burden of  
snow  
With a rich, warm, golden light;  
When the hedge's coat shows a diamond  
woof  
And the wide fields sleep behind;  
I say, have ye wheeled 'neath the win-  
ter king's roof,  
Ahead of the Northern wind?

And 'tis good to be out from the town  
at night,  
When the moon swings high and clear,  
And beneath, the world in her radiant  
light  
Is silver'd afar and near;  
While the shimmering stars, in a quaint,  
mad reel,  
All the cloudless skies have lined,  
And the only sounds the whirl of the  
wheel  
And the moan of the Northern wind.

And the crunch of the tires on the snow  
sounds sweet,  
'Mid booms of the snow-wind's threat;  
E'en the flight through the rush of the  
blinding sleet  
Offers nothing for regret;  
For the tune of the storm through the  
bending trees  
Has outlived the weary grind;

We recall but the race past the frozen  
    leas,  
Ahead of the Northern wind.

Then that drop down the road, while the  
    snowflakes blent,  
And dipp'd and toss'd and flew,  
And the aftermath, when—the storm  
    clouds spent—

The sun came glimmering through.  
Oh, I'll grant that the breeze on a July  
    day

Blows blithely, soft and kind;  
But, say, have ye sprinted o'er the old  
    highway

Ahead of the Northern wind?

*V. E. S., in Cycling.*



### HO! FOR THE WHEEL.

It's ho! for a ride in the open,  
    With the cool winds blowing free,  
And nothing but joy on dale and hill  
    For my trusty wheel and me,  
It's ho! for the dew of the morning  
    That sparkles on leaf and spray,  
And ho! for the charm of the sunset  
    light  
When the glad day fades away.

With muscles that answer quickly  
    To call of the resolute will,  
With cheeks that glow and eyes that  
    shine  
And pulses that bound and thrill,  
I fly through the beautiful kingdom  
    That beckons my wheel and me,  
Queen of the world of girlhood,  
And sovereign of all I see.

*Margaret E. Sangster.*

### SCORCHERS.

Three scorchers went hustling down the  
street,  
Along the street, as the sun went down;  
As if they were trying a record to beat.  
And the "coppers" were chasing them  
out of town;  
For fools must scorch, and fools must  
hump,  
And the less of a rider, the more of a  
chump,  
And they leave their victims groaning.

Three corpses lay out on the pavement  
there,  
In the tracks of the wheels that the  
scorchers rode,  
And the ambulance came with a dash  
and a swear,  
And jounced away with its ghastly  
load;  
But the fools still ride, and the fools still  
hump,  
Who ought to be run out of town on the  
jump,  
And the people will cease their groan-  
ing.

*Karl H. Wisewell, in Rochester Democrat  
and Chronicle.*



### THE CURATE'S WIFE.

Oh, sad is the curate of Slowford-on-  
Slough,  
As he gloomily glides down the road;  
There's a tear in his eye and a frown on  
his brow,  
As he thinks of the wife who is far from  
him now,  
Left behind in his distant abode.

And why is he gloomy, this soulful-eyed  
man,

And why doth he ceaselessly rail  
At the follies and fads of the Grundyite  
clan,

And fossils and fogles alternately ban—  
All that I'll unfold in my tale.

'Twas merrie, 'twas merrie, in Slowford-  
on-Slough,

The lark was a-lilt in the sky,  
There were buds on the bramble and  
birds on the bough,  
From which, gentle reader, you'll gather  
somehow

That summer, sweet summer, was nigh.

And, oh! there was joy in the curate's  
abode,

For he'd purchased a bike for his wife,  
On which she might glide whenever he  
glode,

Or to him be tied whenever he towed,  
Thus doubling the pleasures of life.

"Oh, Thomas, my happiness now is com-  
plete,"

(Here she patted his sunburnt cheek),

"My journeys down town will now be  
a treat,

There'll be no more occasion for cabmen  
to cheat,

And I'll pay off those calls in a week!"

• But Mrs. M'Fidget and Mrs. M'Fad

Saw the fair Mrs. Thomas fly by,

And the sight of her ankles, it seems,  
drove them mad

Though, the road being muddy, they  
both of them had

Lifted their skirts uncommonly high.

"Such doings, me dear, are too awful,  
my word!  
Just fancy a clergyman's wife!  
She should be at home making custard  
and curd,  
Not darting about like some heathenish  
bird,  
Which I wouldn't do for me life."

"I am sure you would not," La M'Fidget  
replied,  
"But then you're a leedy, me dear,  
And able as sich, ma'am, at once to de-  
cide  
What a leedy should do that is dignified,  
And what is quite out of her spear."

"Now, what we must do is to start a  
crusade  
Against this she-dragon on wheels;  
So we'll call on the Primses to lend us  
their aid,  
And the Prudes and the Prisms will help  
to upbraid  
This dame who her ankles reveals."

Then they called on the Croakers and  
ancient Miss Crock,  
Who rolled up her eyes with affright,  
And vowed that her hair stood on end  
with the shock  
(A remark at which we unregenerates  
mock  
As her toupee came off ev'ry night):

And even the rector's fine garments were  
rent  
(That's a figure of speech, you're  
aware),  
And when on next day to the pulpit he  
went

He proved that pneumatics were cer-  
tainly meant  
When we speak of "The Powers of the  
Air."

Well, the end of it all, as no doubt you  
foresee,  
Was the bicycle had to be sold  
At a loss to the curate of L. s. and d.,  
And what makes the whole affair sad-  
dest to me  
Is the story is true that I've told.

*W. P. French, in Irish Cyclist.*



### WHIRO-POROWHITA.

Let's borrow from a Southern clime,  
Now wheels are getting fleeter,  
A word blessed with Satanic chime,  
'Tis whiro-porowhita.

'Mong all the titles of our "bike,"  
Can one be found much neater?  
It's just the term that you might like,  
This whiro-porowhita.

We owe it to the Maori Queen  
(A superstitious creature),  
Who dubbed the bike as soon as seen  
This whiro-porowhita.

To those unskilled in Maori lore  
Who scan this little metre,  
"The devil's wheel," no less, no more,  
Means whiro-porowhita.

Altho' it savors of the "pit,"  
Of sulphur and saltpetre,  
"The Cycling World" it's bound to "hit,"  
This whiro-porowhita.

*Cycling World.*

### PAUL REVERE, JR.'S RIDE.

Listen, my lovers, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On May the thirtieth, ninety-six;  
Hardly a youth that is "up to tricks"  
But will always remember the day and  
year.

He said to his love, "If your father still  
Refuses to grant our prayer, to-night  
At the hour of twelve, on your window  
sill,

You will place a lamp as a signal light—  
One, if you stay, and two if we flee;  
And I in the lane below will be,  
Ready to ride to the parson wise,  
And to win forever the gracious prize  
Whose love shall be my paradise."

Then he said "Good night!" for a little  
while,

His face lit up with a hopeful smile;  
He gave no heed to the "pit-a-pat"  
Of his heart, nor little things like that,  
He watched the moon rise over the bay  
And the river that lazily went its way,  
Bearing along a light canoe  
In which there nestled a blissful two  
So close you could scarce tell which was  
who.

Meanwhile his friend, as a sweetheart  
should,

With a plea and a prayer and sigh and  
tear,

Was trying to win her father's ear.  
But he would not listen to aught she  
said,

Though she strove by every means she  
could;

And she turned away, devoid of cheer,  
To seek, as her father thought, her bed.



She climbed the stair to her moonlit  
room,  
And hastily gathered the precious  
things—

Some half-forgotten engagement rings  
(There's many a bud not born to bloom,  
So strangely woven is the woof of fate!)  
Some pins to fasten her hat on straight,  
A few curl paper to crimp her hair,  
And then she paused and waited there  
From her shaded window looking down  
On the roofs of the silent, sleeping town,  
In the moonlight seeming doubly fair.

Meanwhile, impatient to know his fate,  
Down in the lane by the garden gate,  
Back and forth went Paul Revere.  
He tried his tandem with all his weight,  
And tested the wheels both front and  
rear.

He whirled the pedals swiftly round,  
He saw that the frame was strong and  
sound,

But mostly he watched with anxious eye  
That chamber window, dim and high,  
Half hidden behind the swaying trees,  
That softly rocked with every breeze.  
And lo! as he looks on the window's  
height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He clasps his saddle; again he turns,  
And lingers and gazes, till full on his  
sight

A second lamp in the window burns.

A hurry of wheels in a village street,  
Two shapes in the moonlight, a flash in  
the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in pass-  
ing, a spark

Struck out, by a wheel flying fearless  
and fleet;

That was all! and yet through the gloom  
and the light,  
The fate of two beings was riding that  
night.  
And the spark struck out by that wheel,  
in its flight,  
Kindled them both into flame with its  
heat.

You know the rest. Of course you have  
read

How the father, finding his daughter fled,  
Mounted a horse and offered them chase,  
But found he couldn't keep their pace;  
How they all made up and shared the  
joys,

And now the fathers all tell their boys,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and  
need.

The story a lover loves to hear,  
Of the midnight flight of that tandem  
steed,

And Mr. and Mrs. Paul Revere.

*Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



### MODIFIED.

I was awfully blue; I was told  
On the wheel relief I'd find.  
I rode a week and still I was blue  
With black somewhat largely com-  
bined.

*Detroit Journal.*



"Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to  
clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind  
away;"

But when it comes to patching up a tire,  
'Tis rubber, not dead Romans, we desire.

*Chicago Record.*

### SCORCHING.

Sing a song of scorching,  
Hip pocket full of rye;  
Four and twenty little nips  
Taken on the sly.  
When the run was over  
His head began to spin.  
Wasn't this a pretty state  
To go a-wheeling in?

The host was in the roadway,  
Inflating a new tire;  
The hostess wabbling in the ditch,  
Bestrewn with dust and mire;  
The daughter struggling with her chain,  
All tangled with her clothes;  
Our scorcher runs to aid her  
And tumbles on his nose.

*New York World.*



### 'TIS STILL A JOY.

My sweetheart cannot ride her wheel,  
Now that the wintry days have come,  
But still she doesn't seem to feel  
So very glum.

For, on the mantel-piece it stands,  
Where she can view it all the while,  
And 'tis bedecked with silken bands  
In pleasing style.

And everyone that sees it thus  
Declares that she has made a hit,  
And raves around and makes a fuss,  
And praises it.

Hence, though my love cannot ride out,  
Because the weather is so bad,  
Her fame is spreading round about,  
And she is glad.

*Cleveland Leader.*

## BLOWS.

The giant powder in the blast  
Is blowing up the boulders;  
The maiden with pneumatic sleeves  
Is blowing up her shoulders.

The baker to the kitchen maid  
Is blowing up his crumpets;  
The milkman in the lower hall  
Is blowing up the trumpets.

The gentle zephyr from the South  
Is blowing the narcissus;  
The cook who thinks she knows it all  
Is blowing up the "missus."

The father, down upon his knees,  
Is blowing up the fires;  
The daughter in her bloomer suit,  
Is blowing up her tires.

*Yonkers Statesman.*



## NEW NURSERY RHYMES.

Sing a song of cycle, with pockets on  
the thigh,  
Four-and-twenty hat pins; another girl  
went by.  
When the bike was broken, she couldn't  
even sing.  
Wasn't she a dainty miss to set before  
the King?

The King was in his counting house try-  
ing to make money.  
The Queen was in the ambulance feeling  
very funny.  
The maid was in the garden, brushing  
mud from those,  
When the bobby came and whispered,  
"Ain't she barked her nose?"

*Fun.*

### DIFFERENT.

Mary bought a little lamp;  
She used it on her wheel;  
It never seemed quite big enough  
All dangers to reveal.

But now 'tis winter, and that lamp,  
Tho' still not very bright,  
Sheds rays within her parlor, and  
She says it is just right.

*Chicago Record.*



### A NEW VIEW OF SUNDAY CYCLING.

They're complaining from the pulpit,  
with an energy undue,  
That the craze for Sunday cycling now  
is emptying the pew;  
But we think these hasty parsons are  
mistaken when they throw  
On the wheel so much in fashion all the  
burden of their woe.

As it seems to us, the cycle, on which  
many perch,  
Does not lure away each Sunday those  
who ride it from the church;  
It is from the club it takes them, from  
the pot-house, from the street,  
As it bears them off rejoicing to the  
country fresh and sweet.

White-faced office-boys it carries to the  
woods, where thrushes sing,  
To the fields, where whirling coveys from  
the wavering wheat-stalks spring;  
Care-worn city clerks it hurries off to  
nature's fairest scenes—  
Flower-decked meads and trellised hop-  
grounds; babbling brooks and vil-  
lage greens.

Round-backed artisans it bears, too, from  
the small and stuffy room,  
To the lanes where trailing roses all the  
summer air perfumes;  
And it makes them grow forgetful of the  
stifling, man-made town,  
As they climb the breezy roadway o'er  
the swelling, God-made down.

Can a change like this be vicious? Can  
the exercise do harm,  
That thus adds to lives so weary, once  
a week a healthful charm?  
No, it seems by far more likely that the  
cyclists thus may learn  
From the fairest sights of nature to that  
nature's God to turn.

Moved to thought and to reflection by  
the wonders that they see,  
They may long in grateful homage once  
again to bend the knee;  
And the parsons may discover that their  
pews are filled anew,  
Not because their flocks don't cycle, but,  
forsooth, because they do!

*The American Wheelman.*



### CYCLOLOTRY.

I often drift, on fancy's wondrous stream,  
Far out into the vagaries of a dream,  
And wonder what the ancients had been  
like

Had they the bike.

Think of big Hector tied up by the heel  
Tight to the step of strong Achilles'  
wheel;

And Dad Aeneas scorching out of Troy  
Behind his boy.

See Aristotle with a humped-up back  
"Peripateting" on a four-lap track;

And Socrates a-pedaling for his life  
From his sharp wife.  
If Alexander had a wheel, would he  
Have cut so wide a swath in history?  
Or spent his youth like modern royal  
sons

In century runs?  
Just fancy Julius Caesar (if you will)  
A coasting down the Capitolean hill;  
Or Cleopatra touring by the Nile

In royal style.  
Can your imagination dwell on Cain  
Cycling the world in spite of wind and  
rain?

Or on our mother Eve (I do not jest)  
In bloomers dressed?  
It seems to me that if the chosen race  
Had had some speedy man to make the  
pace,

'Twould not have taken forty years to  
reach

The promised peach.  
The world went different then; but  
what's the odds?  
They didn't have the bike; they had the  
gods.

No gods rule us (the change I rather  
like);

We've got the bike.

*Bearings.*



### LITTLE POLLY MICHAEL.

Little Polly Michael  
Rode upon her cycle  
Exposing more, alas, than just her toes;  
Her mother came and caught her  
And whipped her little daughter  
For wheeling in such shamefully short  
clothes.

*Washington Times.*

## THE SONG OF THE WHEEL.

Whirl and click of sprocket and chain,  
Shimmer and flash of steel,  
Throb of pedal and saddle-creak,  
This is the Song of the Wheel.

Think you, you of the shoulder-shrug,  
you of the scornful glance,  
That I am only the season's fad slipped  
into vogue by chance,  
Toy of the moment's childish whim, 'til  
next year's fancy? Nay,  
I am the balanced, whirling, swift, still  
Spirit of To-day.

Tyrant am I of the woodland road; Mercury of the street,  
Slipping soundless athwart the rush,  
fragile, elusive, fleet;  
Whispering over the asphalt, ghost-like  
I glide through the Park,  
Flickering my firefly light along the  
driveways in the dark.

They know me in the far defiles where  
Khundish bandits wait,  
You may trace the curve of my serpent's  
track through Bagdad's storied  
gate,  
Across their stretches gray, the Persians  
watch me gleam,  
To the endless sleep their cities keep I  
come, a disturbing dream.

Where'er the sun my cobweb strands  
(spun wire of spoke) hath kissed  
The annals praised of feudal days hath  
faded like a mist.  
Flight of machine where once was seen  
knight errant brave and gay?  
Ah, yes, I am the whirling, swift, still  
Spirit of To-day.



Pleasure hath drunk the draught of  
haste, and learned to laugh to scorn  
All the sauntering ease and free of a  
leisured age outworn.  
Tense she speeds! Imperative her clang-  
ing summons ring!  
I am the spirit of To-day—and I am  
Pleasure's King.

Whirl and click of sprocket and chain,  
Shimmer and flash of steel,  
Throb of pedal and saddle-creak,  
This is the Song of the Wheel.

*George Lynde Richardson, in Outing.*



### THE SPINNING WHEEL.

1796.

Beside her wheel my ladye sits, and  
spins the livelong day.  
The drifted wool her fairy touch like  
magic melts away.  
Certes, she is passing fair, fairer than  
verse may tell.  
She winds the skein about my hands,  
and round my heart a spell.  
The sunbeams dancing in her eyes dare  
me a kiss to steal  
From gentle Mistress Dorothy beside her  
spinning wheel.

1896.

Scorching down the Boulevard,  
Chewing gum and pedaling hard.  
Ting ling! Almost knock me flat.  
Dizzy tie, Fedora hat,  
Scarlet bloomers: 'Tis a picture  
Makes my very senses reel.  
What was that? I ask. Oh, merely  
Dot astride her spinning wheel.

*Ernest Neal Lyon, in New York Sun.*

## BALLAD ON BOSTON TOWN.

Miss Jane Penelope Brewster, of lineage  
running back  
To ancient Plymouth's founders, with  
never a flaw nor crack,  
Supposedly daft on Browning, Emerson  
and Thoreau,  
Very select, correctly cold and all that  
stuff, you know;  
Never appearing in public without a  
chaperon,  
Loaded with B. C. wisdom, but to mod-  
ern larks unknown,  
Suddenly caused the Boston mind to  
totter and quake and reel  
By riding out through the Back Bay  
Fens mounted upon a wheel!  
Gay society snickered, cultured society  
wept,  
Still on her awful downward course Miss  
J. P. Brewster kept;  
Her long skirts soon gave way to short:  
bloomers succeeded those.  
What did they say on Beacon street?  
That's too much to suppose.  
Pleadings and solid argument, ridicule,  
cuts and scoff  
Fell to her lot, but still she went reeling  
"centuries" off;  
Soon she was winning prizes; her inti-  
mates, full of pain,  
Finally let her pedal; said she had  
"wheel on the brain."  
But after a while what happened? Jenny  
shook off her shell,  
Got acquainted with real folks, grew to  
be plump and well;  
Found out something about the world  
that's whirling along to-day,  
Read an occasional novel, didn't despise  
the play;

When the season was over the girls of  
her ancient set  
Found she'd married the very man they  
all had hoped to get;  
Instead of wheel on the brain, the facts  
in the case reveal  
That when Miss Brewster rode there was  
a massive brain on the wheel!

*Puck.*



### A GENERAL LAMENT.

There was grief in the song that the big  
beetle sang,  
And sorrow in the croak of the frog,  
In tones dull and sombre the evening  
chimes rang  
And still was the nimble pollywog.  
The katydid "didn't" in a tremolo flat,  
And the cricket piped his notes out of  
tune;  
With tear-stained cheeks the ladybug  
sat,  
And the mud hen wailed with the loon.  
The whip-poor-will wept as she perched  
on a tree,  
And the owl hooted sadly in the night,  
The mosquitoes passed a maid, who was  
plump as she could be,  
While the fireflies forgot to strike a  
light.  
Then I asked all the creatures if the  
truth they would tell,  
And the source of their sorrow would  
reveal,  
When a little wood sprite rushed by pell  
mell,  
Saying, "They're mad 'cause they  
can't ride a wheel."

*New York Evening Telegram.*

### THE SCORCHER'S BACK.

The chimpanzee lately deceased,  
Much lamented in New York's great  
Zoo,  
Established one fashion at least,  
Much followed in Kalamazoo.  
His vertebral column which bent,  
In tropical jungles to climb,  
It's shape curvilinear lent  
To model the bicycle spine.  
And now in articulate curves  
It's skeleton sits on its haunch,  
In the posture the scorcher observes  
When his starter is giving the launch.  
Whate'er the original plan,  
Confusion results from the shape,  
'Twixt the ape that is almost a man,  
And the man who looks so like an ape.

*Bike Lorde, in New York Sun.*



### SO SWEET.

He watched her riding down the street,  
So fleet!  
Propelled by dainty, twinkling feet,  
Petite;  
Her cycling suit was trim and neat,  
Complete;  
A prettier girl you'd seldom meet—  
Or never!  
  
She looked at him—the shyest glance,  
Askance;  
Took in his quiet elegance,  
Perchance.  
Then how his laughing eyes did dance!  
For chance  
Upset her, ending her romance—  
Forever!

*Somerville Journal.*

### THE PRETTY MAID.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm out for a ride, kind sir," she said.  
"May I go, too, my pretty maid?"  
"Why, sure, if you like, kind sir," she  
said.

By verdant fields, through sylvan shade,  
I rode by the side of this pretty maid;  
We passed some cows, she seemed afraid,  
So timid was this pretty maid.

In the cool retreat of a mossy glade  
We loitered, I and this pretty maid,  
Till the soft twilight around us played—  
Likewise my arm around the maid.

"Pray let us be going," said the pretty  
maid,  
As she noted the hour, nor could I dis-  
suade.  
"I really must go—there, now, don't up-  
braid,  
For my husband may want his wheel,"  
she said.

*Washington Times.*



### MAIDEN'S WAY.

Gazes with a timid glance,  
On the cyclist's swift advance,  
Wonders—shall she take the chance?

Trips half way across the street,  
Stops! turns back in time to meet  
Raging, baffled cyclist fleet.

Cyclist in the gutter tossed,  
Maiden learning to her cost:  
"She who hesitates is lost."

*H. E., in L. A. W. Bulletin.*

### MY WHEEL AND I

My wheel and I have jolly times,  
As o'er smooth roads we fly;  
Mile upon mile without a care,  
Between the earth and sky.

And should one meet a bloomer girl  
Spinning along, ah, well  
If we should flirt a little bit,  
Who is there that would tell?

*New York Herald.*



### JUST MUD.

Mud, mud, mud,  
As far as the eye can see,  
And I'm glad that my tongue can't utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the city chap  
As he rides on the level street,  
And well for the country lad  
That he's born with large web-feet.

And the half-filled carts go on,  
With a little jag of a load,  
But O just to feel the joy of a wheel  
And a nice, hard, level road.

Mud, mud, mud,  
As far as the eye can see,  
But the joy I miss on a road like this  
Can never come back to me.

*L. A. W. Bulletin.*



### LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,  
And clouds are highest up in air;  
Lord Ronald had plenty of rocks, and so  
He bought a bike for Lady Clare.

I trow she didn't gaze with scorn  
 Upon the present he had brought;  
 "I'll mount it early to-morrow morn,  
 Out behind the house," she thought.  
 "It's the nicest looking bike on earth,  
 And it is stout as well as fair;  
 Wonder how much the thing is worth?"  
 Thus ruminated Lady Clare.  
 In there came old Alice, the nurse,  
 Said: "Who was this that went from  
 thee?"  
 "'Twas only Ronny," said Lady Clare,  
 "And see what he has bought for me."  
 "Oh, what a beaut!" said Alice, the  
 nurse,  
 "And a high-grade wheel, too, I de-  
 clare!  
 Now, you'll be right in line, I guess,  
 As sure as your name is Lady Clare."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 She clad herself in a russet gown,  
 She looked not much like Lady Clare!  
 She got on once, but she soon was down  
 With burdocks mixed up in her hair.  
 The high-grade bike Lord Ronald had  
 bought  
 Leapt like a Texas steer.  
 It skinned the shins of Lady Clare  
 And stood her on her ear.  
 Down stept Lord Ronald from his bike;  
 "Oh, Lady Clare, you shame your  
 worth.  
 Your waist is all ripped up the back,  
 While you are rooting in the earth."  
 "I'm going to ride this thing," she said,  
 As she felt around for her back hair;  
 "I'm going to ride the critter, or  
 My name will not be Lady Clare."

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn,  
And turned and kissed her where she  
stood;  
He pinned her dress where it was torn,  
And from her nose wiped off the blood.  
"If you must ride to-day, get on,  
And I," he said, "will hold you there  
Till you can run the thing alone,  
So you shall still be Lady Clare."

*Cleveland Leader.*



### **GALILEO AND THE BICYCLE.**

Galileo from his retreat  
Of silence came on noiseless feet  
One day to Earth and turned his eyes,  
With keenest glances of surprise,  
To countless thousands of mankind  
Speeding along as speeds the wind;  
To maids and matrons, sires and sons,  
And immaturest little ones.  
All whirling on revolving things  
That bore them swift as swiftest wings:  
Through every busy thoroughfare,  
In rural highways, coursing where  
The prairies reached o'er endless space,  
Where rivers ran, where'er the face  
Of earth revealed on open way,  
A wheeling, whirling fleet array  
Of human forms in ceaseless flight  
Was shown unto his wondering sight;  
And standing there a's one aghast,  
His hands before his eyes he passed,  
Then, proudly lifting up his head,  
In self-applauding tone he said:  
"I knew, by Jupiter! it moved,  
As my researches grandly proved:  
But, by my great-grandfather's hat!  
I never though 'twould move like that."

*Boston Courier.*



### THE FATE OF CHARLOTTE S.

The wheels go round without a sound,  
The maidens hold high revel;  
In sinful mood, insanely gay,  
True spinsters spinning down the way  
From goodness to the devil.

They laugh, they sing, and ting-a-ling  
Their bells go all the morning;  
And lanterns bright bestar the night,  
The caterpillars warning!

With lifted hands Miss Charlotte stands,  
Good-Lording and O-mying,  
Her rheumatism forgotten quite,  
Her fat with anger frying;  
She blocks the path that leads to wrath,  
Jack Satan's power defying.

The wheels go round without a sound,  
The stars are red and blue and green.  
What's this that lies upon the ground?  
Miss Charlotte Smith's a smithereen!

*San Francisco Examiner.*



### THEY DREW THE LINE.

There were two maiden aunts  
Who longed for just one chance  
To ride a bike  
Along the pike;  
But they drew the line at—bloomers!

*Springfield Monitor.*



### QUADRIENNALLY.

Adown the avenue he'd scorch,  
With wild and reckless air;  
But now he bears a campaign torch  
And scorches off his hair.

*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

### THE INTROSPECTIVE SCORCHER.

I am a scorcher!  
Please observe  
The curve  
That appertains unto my spine!  
With head ducked low,  
I go  
O'er man and beast, and woe  
Unto the thing  
That falls to scamper when I ting-a-ling!  
Let people jaw  
And go to law  
To try to check my gait,  
If that's their game!  
I hate  
To kill folks, but I'll do it just the same,  
I guess,  
Unless  
They clear the track for me;  
Because, you see,  
I am the scorcher, full of zeal,  
And just the thing I look like on the  
wheel!

*Cleveland Leader.*



### THE BICYCLE CRAZE.

Of all the vile inventions, misbegotten  
by mistake,  
The thing they call the bicycle does surely  
take the cake;  
'E's ugly an' 'e's vulgar, and 'e's dangerous  
to ride,  
An' 'e fills the man as rides 'im with a  
sort of beastly pride.  
  
Oh, the bike! oh, the bike! oh, the  
scarin', tearin' bike!  
'E's just a 'oly terror goin' scorchin'  
down the road,

With a grinnin' idiot clingin' to the 'an-  
dles monkey-like,  
'Is shoulders 'unched above 'im like a  
'umpty sort o' toad.

You thinks you'll learn to ride 'im coz  
it don't look 'ard at all,  
But you've got to get acquainted just  
with hevery kind of fall;  
You've got to learn 'ow gravel feels a  
stickin' in your jaw,  
And what it is to 'ave your knees and  
knuckles always raw.

An' when you've learnt to ride a bit, and  
thinks afield to roam,  
The awkward thing collapses 'bout twen-  
ty miles from 'ome,  
With 'is silly bellers busted, or maybe  
something wuss.  
An' you 'as to wheel 'im 'ome again, an'  
then your wounds you nuss.

They say it's lovely hexercise; you'll  
think so pretty soon—  
Same as a railway haccident, a hearth-  
quake or typhoon—  
When you turn a slippery corner, an' 'e  
slides and falls down dead,  
And you finds your takin' hexercise a  
standin' on your 'ead.

The 'orse 'e goes by rein an' bit, the cos-  
ter's moke's a moke.  
The 'ansom cab's a daisy, and the rick-  
shaw's just a joke;  
But the bike's a 'orrid mixture, as on 'is  
face 'e shows,  
Of a treadmill an' a 'brellar frame and  
a length of garden 'ose!

'E takes the bit between 'is teeth a'goin'  
down a 'ill,  
And you loses both your treadles an' you  
comes a hawful spill,  
An' you breaks your knees and nose, and  
w!' luck you break your neck,  
And that there hawful bicycle's a 'ide-  
ous, tangled wreck.

Oh, the bike! on, the bike! oh, the lanky,  
cranky bike!  
'E's twenty ways of fallin' down, an'  
can't stand up alone.  
If there's a stone within a mile you can  
be sure 'e'll strike;  
'E tumbles down and chucks you, and  
it's odds you breaks a bone.

*Japan Mail.*



### EMANCIPATED.

She's emancipated, we must confess;  
Her rights she has won—'tis so;  
No more she depends on a bathing dress  
The curves of her form to show.

It doesn't much matter what dress she  
wears,  
Her beauties she must reveal;  
Her upper charms at the dance she  
bares  
And the lower ones on her wheel.

*Boston Courier.*



### MARY.

Mary bought a little wheel;  
It wobbled so at random  
She gave it up and coaxed a man  
To haul her on a tandem.

*Chicago Record.*

"1950."

It stands a thing of joy still  
Behind the barn door where  
The spiders spin their webs at will  
And build a lair.

They say grandpapa rode with grace  
Upon the strange old thing,  
Propelling it from place to place  
With rhythmic swing.

'Tis said young people courted then  
Upon their whirling wheels;  
What silly chaps those sons of men  
To love's appeals.

So strange a fancy people had  
In days of long ago;  
They were demented, clearly mad,  
To travel so.

Ah! now we fly about in space  
Above the earth below;  
Wings beat the wheels for ease and grace  
It's plain to show.

*Troy Daily Press.*



### HAPPY CHAPPIE.

A broad, broad smile, dear Willie wears,  
Of his face it's a regular twister—  
His bicycle suit is two sizes too small  
To be worn by his athletic sister.

*Indianapolis Journal.*



### HER GOAL.

He used to live in peace, but now  
His house is filled with roomers,  
His wife is earning money for  
A bike and pair of bloomers.

*Buffalo Express.*

### AN UNEQUAL RACE.

The sky is beamin' brighter,  
For love has took in school;  
But Jinny rides a bicycle,  
An' me—I ride a mule!

I follow in a gallop,  
But love my heart'll fool,  
For Jinny rides her bicycle  
An' leaves me on my mule!

*Atlanta Constitution.*



### MERMAID'S WOE.

Only a little mermaid,  
Who perched on a cold, damp rock,  
And wept as if her system  
Had incurred a dreadful shock.

"Alas! Ah, woe!" she blubbered,  
"I'm the victim of a cheat,  
I cannot ride a bicycle,  
For I haven't any feet."

*Chicago Record.*



### A GIRL.

A girl can ride a wheel all day,  
And still be sweetly cheery,  
But she cannot sew a button on,  
Because it makes her weary.

*Scottish Nights.*



### TOO BIG A LOAD.

Good Santa Claus may well grow wild,  
And go out on a strike,  
If every woman, man and child  
Insist they want a bike.

*Judge.*

### HOW SHE HAS CHANGED.

It seems a few short days ago  
The girl for whom you'd died  
Would walk a block and then exclaim:  
"Oh, dear, my shoe's untied!"  
But times have changed and so have  
girls,  
Of this all are aware;  
She simply now reminds you that  
"My tires need more air."

*Yonkers Statesman.*



### SO VERY LIKE.

In garb of rare similitude  
Their biking course they swift pursued,  
Defiant alike of laws and "coppers;"  
As by their gate they later sped,  
Their offspring to a stranger said,  
"Look, mister! There go my two pop-  
pers."

*Boston Courier.*



### PASS TO SOCIETY.

Bike, and the world bikes with you;  
Walk, and you walk alone.  
And you can't get into society  
If you have no wheel of your own.

*Cleveland Leader.*



### MADE IT CHRONIC.

He was bent on having a wheel, they  
said,  
And to purchase one was straightway  
led,  
And now, as his daily feats have shown,  
He's bent till the same has chronic  
grown.

*Boston Courier.*

### GOT A PUNCTURE.

Alas and alack! for the girl who wheels  
Down the road in a mood most gay;  
At dusky eve into town she steals  
Perched aloft on a load of hay.

*Chicago Record.*



### RUMORS.

She's not out biking spruce and gay  
To-day, and there are rumors  
That from the clothesline yesterday  
The goat ate Mamie's bloomers.

*Boston Courier.*



### SCORCHER.

The "scorcher" went tearing down the  
road,  
Setting a pace to cause regret;  
He met a farmer's heavy load,  
Died, and may be scorching yet.

*Chicago Dispatch.*



### MARY.

Mary had a little lamb,  
But both have long been dead;  
If Mary were alive to-day,  
She'd want a wheel instead.

*Somerville Journal.*



### THE BRAKE QUESTION.

"Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!"  
But whether cycle should have one or  
not,  
It is hard for us all to agree.

*L. A. W. Bulletin.*



### HARD HIT.

He wheeled out into the country,  
To breathe the sweet, pure air;  
'Twas a rugged landscape, and even he  
Was much struck by the scenery there.

*Detroit Tribune.*



### A QUERY.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
Have you bikes up where you are?  
And are prices in the sky,  
As upon the earth, so high?

*Cleveland Leader.*



### FLORINDA'S DEAL.

Florinda has the cycle craze, and like-  
wise so have I;  
But, gracious! neither purse displays the  
cash wherewith to buy.  
Yet rare Florinda's up to things; she  
said—dear, gifted girl—  
“Let's blow in our engagement rings and  
get some wheels and whirl.”

*Chicago Record.*



### OUTWITTED.'

I thought her mine—my rival watched  
Us ride away, then he  
Went straight and bought a tandem, and  
Of course that settled me!

*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



### PETER'S WIFE.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.  
He hid her bloomers, bike and bell,  
And then he kept her very well.

*Chicago Record.*

### MARY'S LITTLE BIKE.

Mary had a little wheel  
Which she rode to and fro,  
And, when she put her bloomers on,  
That wheel was sure to go.

Truth.

Mary had a little wheel  
In which she fondly trusted,  
But one sad day it ran away,  
And Mary's wheel was busted.

*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

### WRECKED.

A girl, a wheel,  
A shock, a squeal.  
A header, a thump,  
A girl in a lump,  
A bloomer all torn,  
A maiden forlorn.

*Springfield Monitor.*

### THE SCORCHER.

The scorcher scorched—  
The scorcher scorched with all his might,  
His head o'er the handle bars was bent;  
The brewery wagon hove in sight—  
Go ask the winds where the scorcher  
went.

*Cleveland Press.*

### NO HARM DONE.

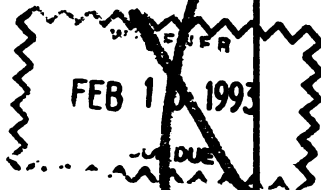
There was a man who thought he knew,  
About a wheel a thing or two;  
He mounted one and rode away,  
So this is all I have to say.

*J. A. Koons, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*



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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased by 1.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased by 1.2 million (Office for National Statistics 1999). The number of people aged 65 and over is projected to increase to 6.5 million by 2011, and the number of people aged 75 and over to 4.5 million (Office for National Statistics 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to develop services to meet the needs of older people, and a number of initiatives have been developed to address this need. The Department of Health (1999) has published a strategy for older people, which sets out the government's commitment to improve the lives of older people. The strategy is based on three main principles: (1) to ensure that older people have the opportunity to live independently and actively; (2) to ensure that older people have access to the services and support they need; and (3) to ensure that older people are treated with respect and dignity.

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